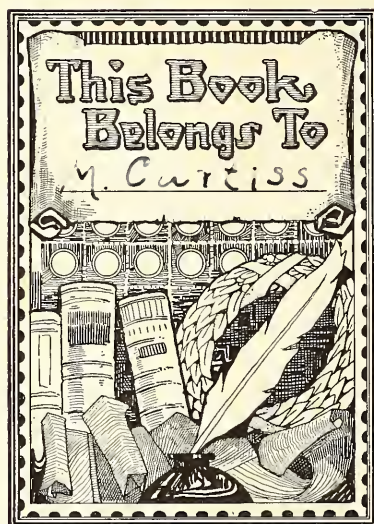


The
NORTHER
NINETEEN·TWENTY·FOUR





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NORTHER
EDITED BY THE
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ILLINOIS STATE
TEACHERS COLLEGE
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To
Celine Neptune

Whose fine enthusiasm and ready spirit of helpfulness have been especially appreciated, we, the Class of 1924, dedicate this volume of The Norther.

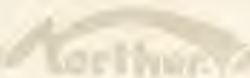
Further



Ways that are gracious and kind,
A tender smile and voice that lingers—
Unmindful of self and thoughtful of others.

Carlier





Our President

To him we owe the fine democratic spirit which has been instilled in our class, the hearty cooperation in all our school activities, a finer appreciation of the true worth of scholarship, and a deeper understanding of our obligation to society as a whole.

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Francis G. Blair, Superintendent of Public Instruction,
Springfield, Secretary.

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TERM EXPIRES 1927

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E. B. Still, De Kalb.

TERM EXPIRES 1929

E. T. Walker, Macomb.

Mrs. Grace Wykes, Benton.

E. E. Cole, Chicago.





Spring—A Bride

Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue.
The brown tree trunks are old,
And the young green leaves are new.
All nature lends a song to the air,
And violets are blue.

Elizabeth Goodyear.



One of the Fairest

*Long years ago, when all the budding earth
Seemed ages young, for it was time of spring,
A fairy princess with the south wind rode
Throughout the land. Now here, now there they paused,
But never stopped; for theirs, a curious quest,
Led them in search of a fair place,
The fairest place in all the great, wide world.*

*Through stately carved gates they came at last,
And on, up the long avenue they rode.
Soft lapping sounds of wavelets reached their ears,
And murmurings among the forest trees.
Beyond, dim in the misty light, they glimpsed
High towers and the mighty castle walls.
“Need we look hence?” the fairy princess cried,
“For lovelier spot we surely could not find
In all the world.
I only would that I might tarry here
And come to know this as my one abode.”
The south wind heard and straightway answer made,
“From this time forth, through all the coming years,
You shall abide, one of the fairest, in this fair spot.”*

*And then, when next dawn fell upon the towers,
Without the mighty castle walls there stood,
All with delicate grace and beauty royal,
A slender birch—one of the fairest in that fair spot.*

Winona E. Garland.

What Is the News?

What is the News on the campus today?

The Meadow puts down a new earpet for spring.

A carpet of green all besprinkled with gold, is spread by the meadow today. Its border is woven of marsh-buttercups with violets tucked in between, and the fringe is the grass that grows tall by the stream. And Spring will dance over this carpet of green with the young South-Wind on a warm sunbeam.

What is the News on the campus today?

The Martins are home from the South.

Yes; The Martins are here at their house by the Falls, and we welcome them back, every one. There's a coming and going, a circling high, then a sail and a dip in the Lake—a churring, a purring, a sitting in rows, and a head in each door till the house overflows, for the Martins are back from the South.

What is the News on the campus today?

A Coneert was given this morning at five.

The Robins began while the dawn was still gray, with soft, waking notes to their mates.—The gray light grew purple, then rose and then gold, and a Song Sparrows flew to a bush near his nest; his little throat swelled with the joy in his breast, and the whole campus choir woke into song. The Oriole in the elm tree; the Grosbeak and the Wren, the Redwing from his reedy haunt, called and called again. Then a Thrasher from the oak tree sang an aria to the sun, and a spring day on our campus was properly begun.

What is the News on the campus today?

The Button-bush entertains guests for the week.

Have you seen the Butterflies hovering 'round the flowers today, sipping from their tiny cups nectar drops as daintily as a lady tastes parfait? Painted-beauty, Mourning-cloak, Admiral and Viceroy, Pearly-crescent, Swallow-tail, Silver-spot and Azure-blue—these the guests the Button-bush entertains with fairy sweets served in cups like fairy flowers by the Lake these summer hours.

Jessie Rebeeca Mann.



Sometimes I wonder what
The ivy thinks about
As it scrambles o'er this building
Cov'ring tower and gargoyle spout.

Sometimes I think the greatest aim
This ivy has in life
Is covering up the ignorance
We show in daily strife.

Our ignorance is added to
Each autumn. So 'tis said
The ivy blushes for our sins
And turns a scarlet red.



The Monarch of the Campus

Once upon a time a seed fell to the ground, and snugly nestled in coverlets of choicest mould. How small it was! And yet, securely wrapped within its protective coat, was a living, vital something. Quietly, obscure from the curious eyes of man, the coat was torn asunder; a tiny root appeared through which the food of life was drawn. Upward, mid the glory of the dawn, searching for light and air and sunshine, leaflets were unfolded upon a slender stem. An infant tree had come to take its place in nature's garden.

Time passes. The infant has become a youth. Its rootlets penetrate far into the earth; the slender stem is larger, strengthened to support the swaying head. Beautiful in form, happy in the shadow of the day—I pause in wonder at nature's delicate handiwork. And yet, there is a struggle for life, for existence, for supremacy, because competition is keen. Other youngsters stand nearby, seeking, striving to live and flourish. It is the survival of the fittest. Which will dominate?

Years drift by. The sapling has reached middle age. It has a six-inch stem, sturdy, upright, smooth, without a blemish, clean-cut, vigorous, seeming to delight in happy growth. Wide-spreading branches, rustling leaves, delicate in their tint of green, cast a welcome shade. It is a thing of beauty, the source of admiration of the student, teacher, and passer-by—a joy within the garden.

Again the drift of years. It is our friend, the veteran. The springtime of youth has ceased; the sun of life is now beyond the meridian; gnarled are the branches; deep-furrowed, the four-foot trunk. Slowly, extremely slowly, he would go into decrepitude—as human beings, but he, in his strength, is majestic, proud, gladly beckoning to all who may pass his way. He exemplifies the spirit of the school—the spirit of intelligence, of wisdom, the unceasing search for knowledge. And yet, as with all living thing, destiny is relentless. The suns will rise, rains will fall, men will come, pass on, be forgotten, but the oak, the passionless philosopher of the age, is steadfast, uncomplaining, constant, true.

Frank K. Balthis.



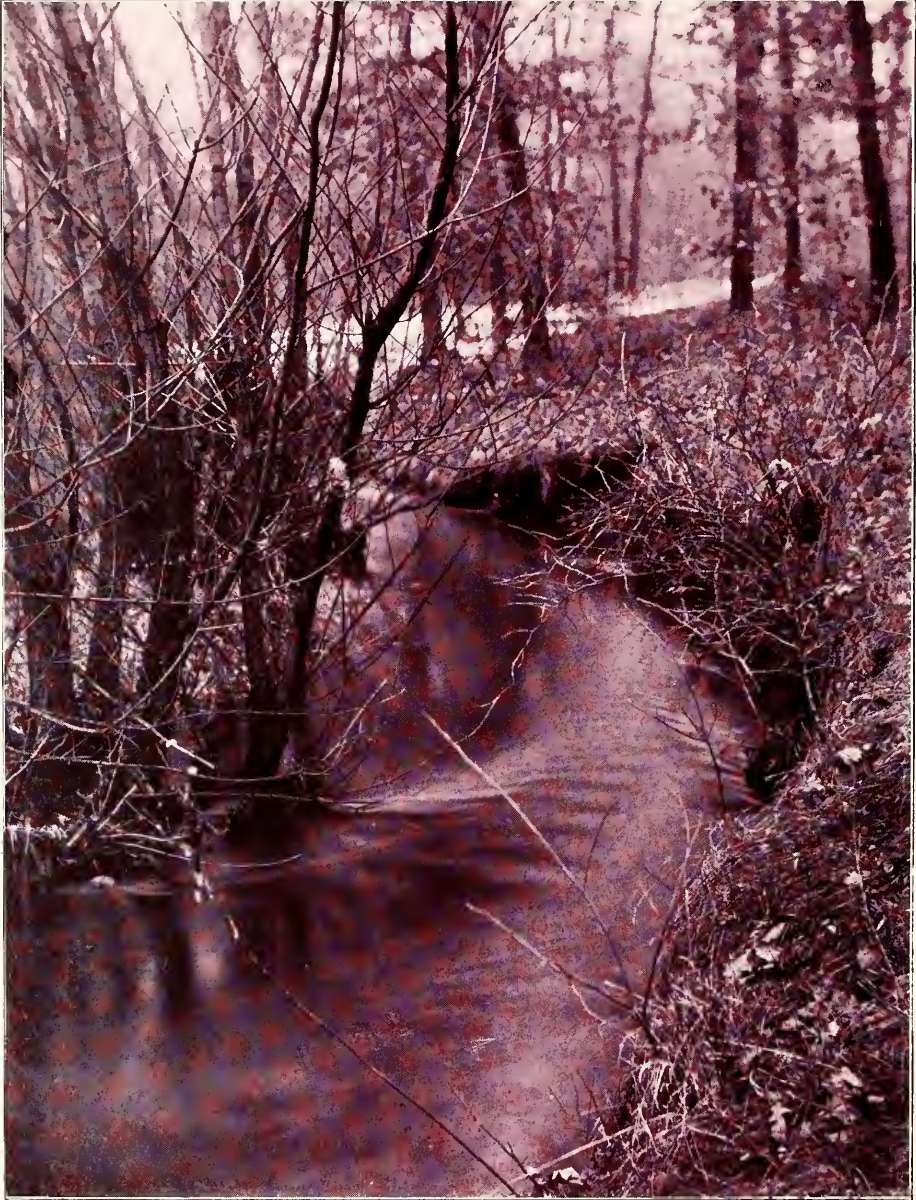
The Lake

A dark night in spring—a waning quarter of a moon peeps over the tops of the trees beside the little lake, and a brisk spring breeze, with no more than a breath of winter in it, chases the wavelets to the shore, where they make a pretense at breaking. One looks over the somber mystery of the water; the other is surely far—very far—away,

“I’d sail the weird old caravel
Of Fancy, till I heard the bell,
Afar through purple mists at last,
That veils the Portals of the Past—
I’d paint it all in words—Ah—well—
Am I a fool?”

The woods behind are deep and dark; there are whispering noises from the wood-creatures stirring there. The frogs are practicing in many-toned soprano quavers. Warm odors from the wood-cool air from the lake—sleepy chirp of birds—where else than here should one daydream o’ nights?

C. B. Carter



The Kish

*“Prosh may come and grades may go
But the Kish flows on forever.”*

There are times the Kish is muddy,
There are times the Kish is slow.
There are times that we walk very fast
As over it we go.

There are times the water's shallow,
There are times there's almost none.
There are times the water-spider
Gasp in ooze beneath the sun.

But there also is a time, m'dear,
When the Kish is good to see.
When people linger on the bridge
To watch it dreamily,

When rills and trills and laey frills
Are born upon its breast,
When branches trail their leaves a-sail
Lulled quiet in blissful rest.

When murmurs of a thousand years
Voice things that are to be—
'Tis then that it deserves the name
Of royal Kish-wau-kee.

Lueille Turner



Bare brown trees
Robbed of their raiment of crimson and gold,
Tossed by a bitter breeze;
Dull sky;
Earth stiff with cold—
November.

Helen Burns.





*The snow fell airily and daintily.
The nude black trees,
Arms outspread and eager,
Caught the merry snowflakes.
The snow is purest eider-down
Clothing all the campus folk.*

Wilma G. Gilmore.

Wind and Tower

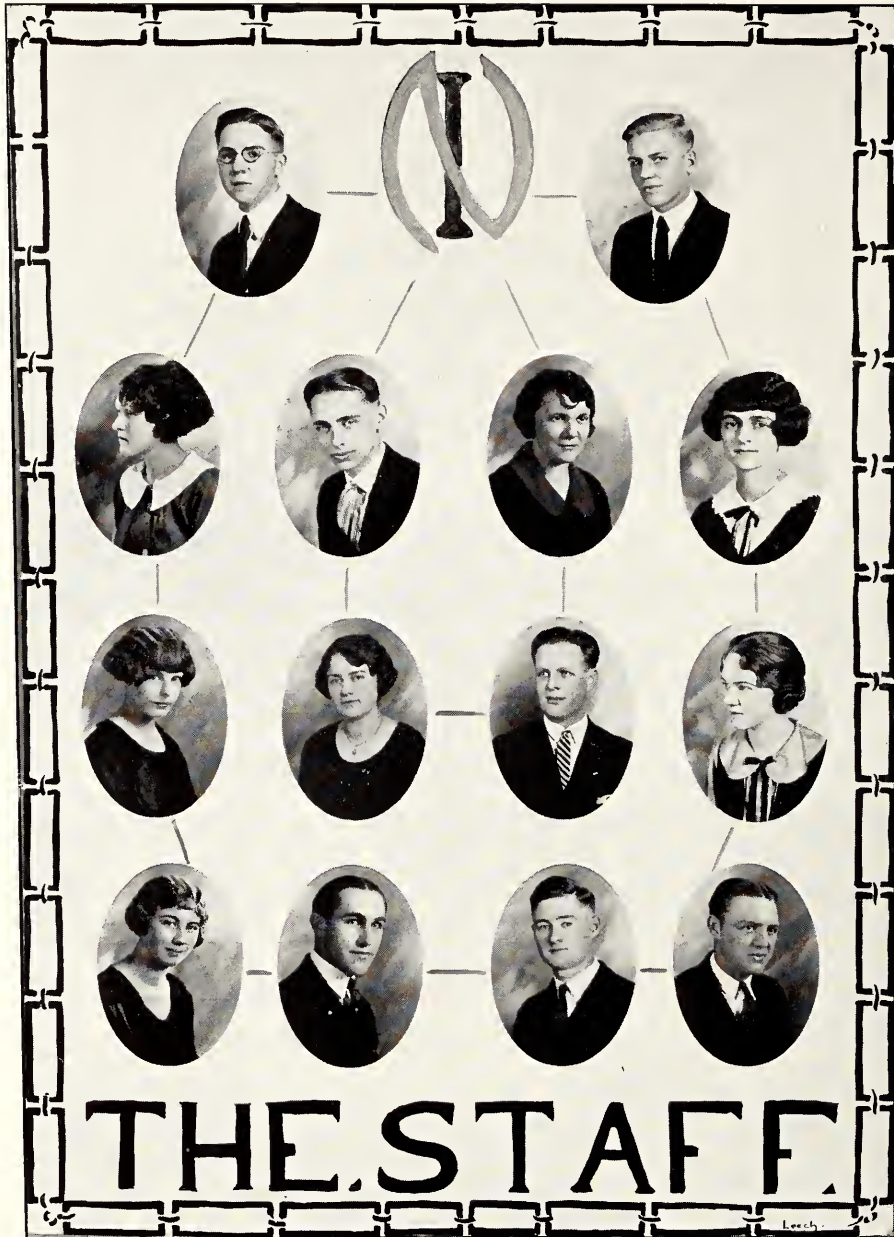
Mist—cold grey mist—
Wrapping long icy arms 'round my gaunt grey towers—
Who are you that you seek to hide my beauty from the eyes of those who
love me?

Think you that your veil may hide that inner beauty
Which, though hidden from without,
Blooms forever in the hearts of little children?

Wind-tearing, ruthless wind—
Beating and knocking at my gaunt grey doors.
Who are you that your voice seeks to silence the words of my message?

Know you not that the message I fling from my towers
Will fly to gladden the world
Long after your strength is spent, and my walls have crumbled?

Dorothy Curran.



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Alma Mater Song

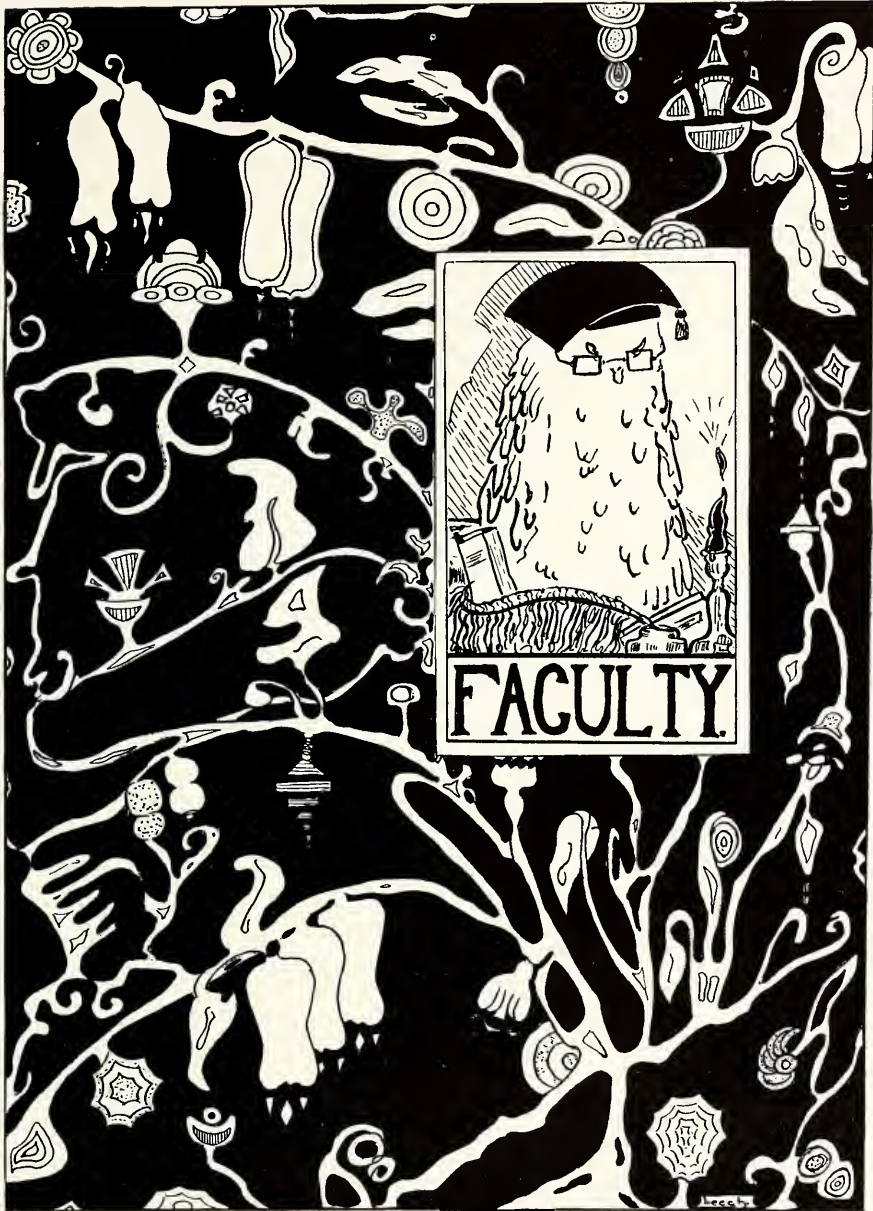
Alma Mater fair 'mid opening buds of Springtime,
When the meadow lark is piping first his lay;
When the lake o'erflown reflects thy towers and 'turrets;
When the moon sends down its softest, purest ray;
When the air is sweet with balmy breezes laden;
Oh 'tis then I sit and dream and think of thee;
How majestic and how grand,
Mead and prairie in command,
School of mine I dream of thee.

Chorus.

Dreaming, Dreaming, Dreaming,
Dreaming of the good old school days,
When hearts were light from care and burden free
Hours of work and hours of play
Made our life a holiday.
I am dreaming Alma Mater still of thee.

Alma Mater 'lone in frost and snow of winter,
When the meadow lark has stilled his lilting song;
When the lake iced o'er, reflects no more thy beauty;
When the moon shines cold through nights so drear and long;
When the air is filled with joyous happy laughter,
And the click of skates on ice-bound lake rings free,
How majestic and how grand,
Snowbound meadow in command
School of mine I dream of thee.

Words and Music by A. N. Amas.





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Edna Tazewell, Ungraded Critic.



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James Clark, Chief Engineer.

Frank Balthis, Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings.

Elvira Crays, Matron of Williston Hall.



Olive S. Johnson, Bookkeeper.

Harriet E. Wetzel, B.S., Secretary to the President.

Then and Now

THEN: 1899, September 11.

Arrived at the C. & N. W. station on that fateful first day, we reached the Normal School by Hanrahan's bus or Mill's cab—much used, much abused, loose-jointed vehicles, drawn by ancient looking, rusty-coated horses—fare, bus 10c; cab, 25c. Or we walked on cement sidewalks down unpaved College Avenue, laid out through a somewhat wooded pasture. No elms broke the heat of an over zealous sun. Down Locust Street, from behind an old stone blacksmith shop on Lincoln Highway where the Innovation now stands ran an open ditch, not too wide to jump, to join the Kishwaukee River. The ditch has gone underground, roofed by a pavement, and the river is reduced to a creek.

One crossed the creek on a wooden bridge, the piles of which encouraged an occasional ice gorge in the floods of late winter. A plank walk from the bridge to the building has been often and greatly and justly celebrated, for various vicious traits—the treacherous footing of the planks when wet, the depth of the mud between the planks, keeping on the planks on dark nights. No lights, no pavement, no shade trees, no terrace, no shrubbery, no vines; but two ends of an intersected half-mile race track and several old wooden buildings, relics of an obsolete fair-ground.

Inside the building were a faculty fifteen or sixteen in number and some hundred and forty students—the living seed of a great institution. And there were workmen busy polishing the corridor floors. Faculty and students traversed these corridors on an elevated walk—planks laid to keep them dry shod. In consequence the classes remained in the rooms assigned and the teachers passed from room to room. This assignment had sometimes to be changed without much notice and a class or a teacher might go astray.

That first day, a crisp invigorating speech by President John W. Cook and we were a school, assimilated to him and to each other in ideals and high-minded purpose, intelligently united to undertake a great enterprise. We rapidly fell into classes and school organizations, and carried on a varied, vigorous, joyous, effective school life, teachers and students frankly and freely companions in a common endeavor to develop what President Cook used to call “the loving guild of teachers.”

But there was another phase of our Normal School which then was, and still is, its most distinguishing feature, the Teacher Training Department. By prearrangement with Doctor Cook, the grade schools of the city were to supply a field for training on an unprecedented scale. All the city buildings were opened to student teachers, and a sub-district was set off, the children of which were definitely assigned to the Normal School building—the east end rooms on the first and second floors and one or two on the third floor being set apart for grade school work.

The critics were women of approved quality, but untrained for critic work. Each had to take charge of two rooms and one of them undertook the responsibility of principal in addition.

The buildings were poor and not designed for training work. The equipment was meagre. “For twenty years we haven't spent a dollar on these schools, if we could avoid it.” The teaching had, of course, felt the effect, and the spirit of the school was the worst of all. But all elements of the new organization went to work in high courage.

Equipment was increased and improved. In the hands of competent teachers a change was steadily wrought, and the work became more and more effective.

In the city there was a considerable faction openly, bitterly hostile to the new institution; others not hostile were frankly skeptical and loath to "have their children practiced upon." But from the first the scheme worked, not perfectly, but well enough to show improvement over former conditions. And improvements have continued to come in a steady stream as the years have come and gone.

THEN throughout our section of the state, the school standards were low and not well sustained. Wages were poor and positions insecure.

AND NOW, May 29, 1924.

In place of Hamraban's 'bus and Mill's cab, the Yellow and the Green-checked Taxi. Our front yard is parked daily with some thirty to forty cars—touring, coupe, sedan, and limousine!!! Along paved streets, over a steel bridge perspiring students walk under aspiring elms, the campus the beauty spot of our entire region. The building is smothering in vines; its "towers rise 'mid tufted trees."

The old-time Glidden and Ellwood societies have metamorphosed into the W. A. A., H. A. C., Varsity Club, Scribblers, Dramatic Club, Treble Clef, Melodie Club, Geographical Club—have I unwittingly omitted any? Oh, yes, yes, most luminous of the lot—the R. H. L.

The old boarding clubs—Giddings, Bush, Benson, Shafer, Dadds—have become apartments. The Tudor Club alone is left, now the Rickard.

All the children of De Kalb are housed in high-class, modern city buildings and in our own Training School. Each critic has her own room and each building a supervising principal. Each teacher in the city is a normal school or university graduate and every critic a woman of special training and experience. The equipment—materials, apparatus and books, shops and laboratories, play-grounds, swimming-pools and gardens—the equipment is abundant, if not wholly adequate. There is a great improvement in the demand for teachers, wages are three to five times as high as formerly, positions are more secure and promotions more certain.

De Kalb has lost its hostility and has become friendly to its great school and proud of her prestige.

Then our athletic coaching was done by faculty members and our opponents were largely high school teams. Now three highly developed coaches give athletic training their entire time, and our foes are of our own household of allied colleges.

N. I. S. N. S. has become N. I. S. T. C.—its privilege enlarged, its scope extended the body of faculty and students steadily growing, the equipment more nearly adequate, the public at large more friendly, more expectant, more generous.

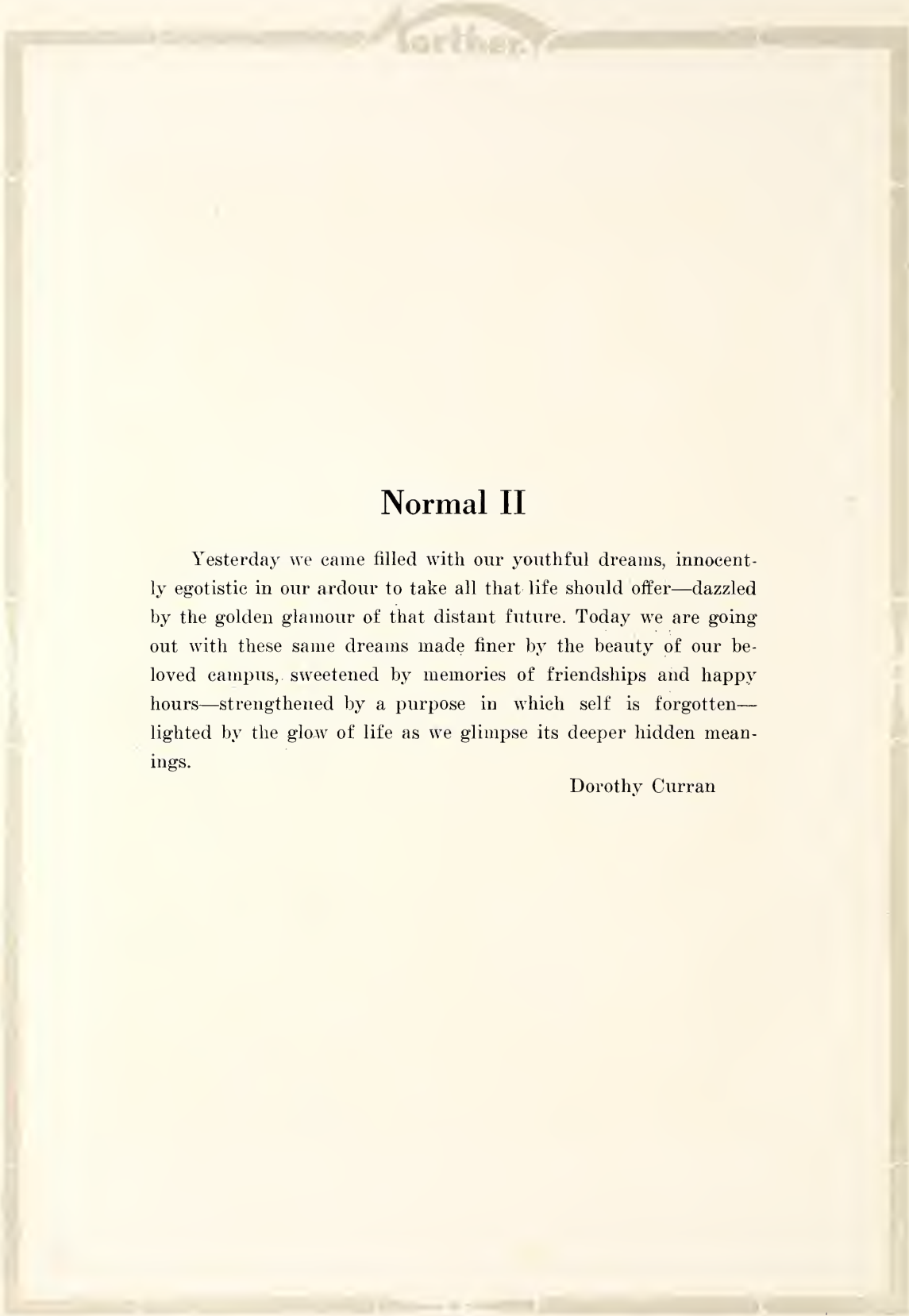
AND NOW THEN—the next twenty-five years !? !?

NEWELL DARROW GILBERT.

Reward

A critic's words of praise—are these reward
 For toil and service in the training school?
 Blue slips most excellent and without fault?
 A teaching grade that is a nine or more?
 Ah, no—higher, more true reward than these—
 The gleam of interest in a dull child's eyes.

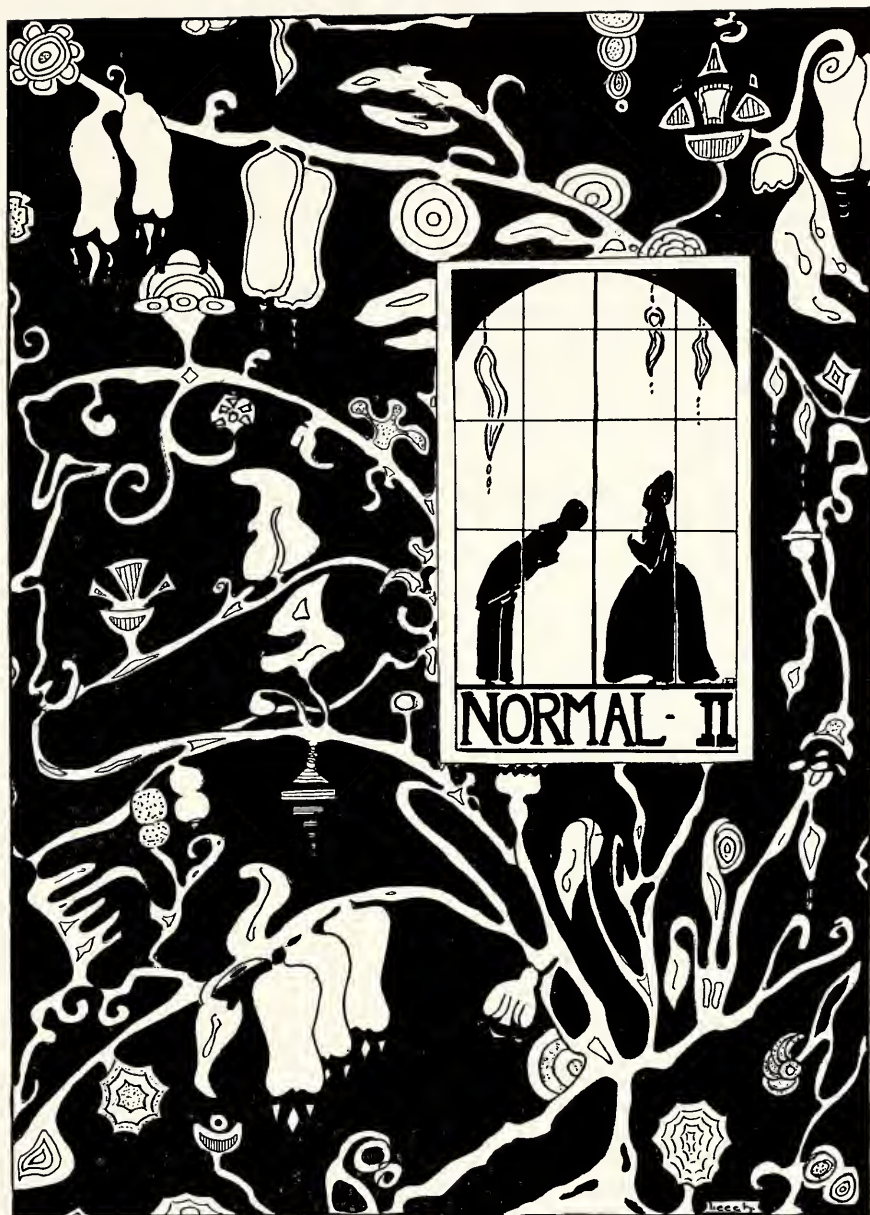
Winona E. Garland.



Normal II

Yesterday we came filled with our youthful dreams, innocently egotistic in our ardour to take all that life should offer—dazzled by the golden glamour of that distant future. Today we are going out with these same dreams made finer by the beauty of our beloved campus, sweetened by memories of friendships and happy hours—strengthened by a purpose in which self is forgotten—lighted by the glow of life as we glimpse its deeper hidden meanings.

Dorothy Curran



Thelma Allen.
 Y. W. C. A.
 W. A. A.
 Regular Course.
 Hampshire, Ill.

Emil Anderson.
 Northmen, '23.
 Y. M. C. A.
 Norther Board.
 De Kalb, Ill.

Florence Anderson.
 Regular Course.
 Sycamore, Ill.

Mildred Anderson.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Dramatic Club.
 Orchestra.
 Regular Course.
 De Kalb, Ill.

Mildred Aska.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Regular Course.
 Creston, Ill.





Lillian E. Augenstein.
Regular Course.
Barrington, Ill.

Warren Bagg.
Melodie Klub, Hon. Pres.
Special Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Doris Baker.
W. A. A.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Leland, Ill.

Ruth Baker.
Regular Course.
Elgin, Ill.

Emily Banker.
Y. W. C. A.
W. A. A.
Regular Course.
Franklin Grove, Ill.

Margaret N. Barnes.
Treble Clef.
Regular Course.
Mendota, Ill.

Joe Barrow.
Manual Arts Course.
Sycamore, Ill.

Virginia Beckler.
Regular Course.
Sycamore, Ill.

Caroline E. Bentley.
Y. W. C. A.
F. A. C.
Regular Course.
New Lenox, Ill.

Arno Bickner.
Norther Board.
Manual Arts Course.
Chicago, Ill.





Hazel Binz.
Treble Clef.
W. A. A.
Baseball Team, '23
Regular Course.
Stockton, Ill.

Rosa Margaret Bolander.
Y. W. C. A.
H. A. C.
Regular Course.
Rockford, Ill.

Leonard F. Bollinger.
Basketball '22, '23.
Orchestra '21, '22.
Manual Arts Course.
Sycamore, Ill.

Mildred C. Bopp.
Y. W. C. A.
W. A. A.
Regular Course.
Dundee, Ill.

Myer Bortz.
Northmen '23.
Regular Course.
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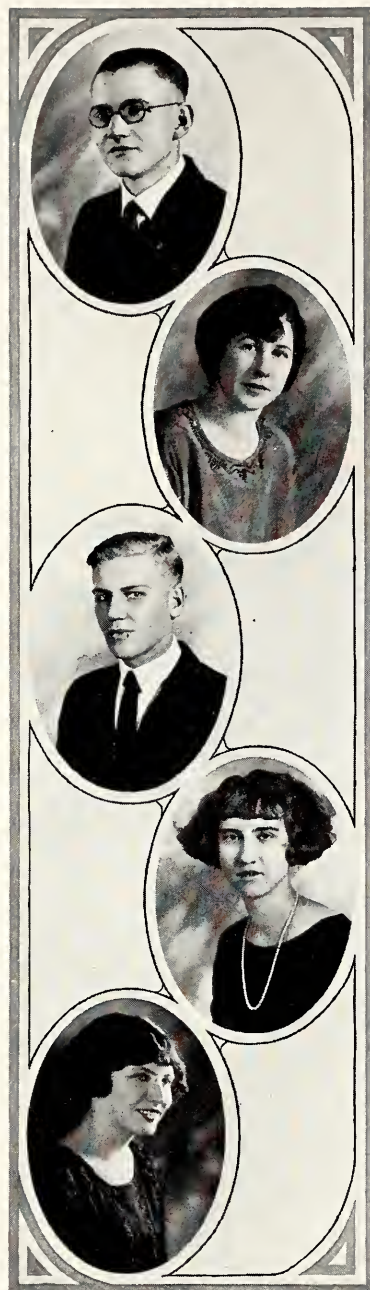
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 Melodie Klub.
 Regular Course.
 Walworth, Wis.

Ida M. Brier.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Regular Course.
 Hampshire, Ill.

Ludvig Gustave Browman.
 Football '23.
 Norther Board.
 Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.
 Northmen '23.
 Melodie Klub '23, '24.
 Varsity Club '24.
 Tennis Association.
 Regular Course.
 De Kalb, Ill.

Alice Brown.
 Regular Course.
 Sycamore, Ill.

Lois C. Brown.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Regular Course.
 Aurora, Ill.





Edith Bullerman.
Y. W. C. A.
Tennis Association.
Regular Course.
La Grange, Ill.

Gertrude Burke
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Waukegan, Ill.

Olive Burnett.
Regular Course.
Paw Paw, Ill.

Margaret Burns,
W. A. A.
Regular Course.
Maple Park, Ill.

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Dorothy Renée Chapman.
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Regular Course.
Paw Paw, Ill.

Helen Conlin.
H. A. C.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

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Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Sycamore, Ill.

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Norther Board.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.





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Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Chana, Ill.

Hamilton Cross.
Manual Arts Course.
Chana, Ill.

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H. A. C. Secretary '23.
Norther Board.
Regular Course.
West Chicago, Ill.

Elsie Daleen.
Regular Course.
Rockford, Ill.

Inez De Lhorbe.
Regular Course.
Oregon, Ill.

Margaret Dennis.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Margaret Deegan.
Regular Course
Downers Grove, Ill.

Edith Densmore.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Zion City, Ill.

Lucille Densmore.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Thomas, Ill.

Beulah M. Dentler.
Y. W. C. A.
F. A. C.
Regular Course.
Kings, Ill.





Marion Mae Dodge.
Regular Course.
Mooseheart, Ill.

Francis Edward Donnelly.
Football '22, '23.
Dramatic Club '22, '23.
Liberal Arts Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Owen Donnelly.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Gladys M. Eathing.
Regular Course.
Dundee, Ill.

Lisle Ebaugh.
Melodie Klub.
Manual Arts Course.
Sycamore, Ill.

Clyde C. Echelbarger.
 Football Trainer '23.
 Students Activities Committee.
 Manual Arts Course.
 Erie, Ill.

Ruvella Edwards.
 Regular Course.
 Beloit, Wis.

Lorene Marie Elliston.
 Geography Club.
 Regular Course.
 Bureau, Ill.

Clarence W. Erickson.
 Regular Course.
 La Habra, California.

Muriel Harriet Erickson.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Regular Course.
 La Habra, California.





Grace Eygabroad.
Regular Course.
Aurora, Ill.

Esther Flewellyn.
Regular Course.
Shabbona, Ill.

Lois Frederick.
Regular Course.
Sycamore, Ill.

Maude Frost.
W. A. A.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet
Editor Northern Illinois.
Regular Course.
Lee Center, Ill.

Mildred Funnell.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Pecatonica, Ill.

Russell Gerard Gage.
 Norther Board.
 Geography Club.
 Rump Roast Committee.
 Coe College '22.
 College Course.
 Sabula, Iowa.

Winona E. Garland.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Norther Board.
 Regular Course.
 Dixon, Ill.

Wilma G. Gilmore.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Regular Course
 De Kalb, Ill.

Gertrude Elizabeth Goodyear.
 Treble Clef.
 Northern Illinois Board.
 W. A. A.
 Regular Course.
 De Kalb, Ill.

Anne Graham.
 Basketball '24.
 W. A. A. President.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Regular Course.
 Batavia, Ill.





Eleanor Grandy.
Regular Course.
Chicago, Ill.

Lena E. Grebner.
W. A. A.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Woodbine, Ill.

Ethel Marie Gustafson.
W. A. A.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Judith Marguerite Gustafson.
W. A. A.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Waukegan, Ill.

Elizabeth M. Hahnenstein.
Hockey Team '23, '24.
Basketball Team '23, '24.
W. A. A.
Rump Roast Committee.
Regular Course.
Joliet, Ill.

Alice Margaret Haley.
W. A. A.
Basketball '23, '24.
Hockey '23.
W. A. A. Council.
Regular Course.
Woodstock, Ill.

Ivy Hall.
Regular Course.
Aurora, Ill.

Ida Jenny Harju.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Clarence Hardy.
Melodie Klub.
Regular Course.
Steward, Ill.

Elinore Haug.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Earlville, Ill.





Ray Henaughan.
Melodie Klub.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Evangelyn Herbert.
W. A. A. Vice President.
Y. W. C. A.
Hockey '23, '24.
Baseball '23.
Regular Course.
Belvidere, Ill.

Mary E. Hogan.
Regular Course. .
Byron, Ill.

Alma E. Hoglund. .
Regular Course.
Boydton, Virginia.

Myrtle A. Hoglund.
Regular Course. .
Boydton, Virginia.

Svea Katherine Hubbard.
 W. A. A.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Norther Board.
 Basketball '23.
 Regular Course.
 Batavia, Ill.

Elizabeth Hunt.
 Basketball '23, '24.
 Hockey '24.
 Baseball '23.
 W. A. A.
 Y. W. C. A.
 College Course.
 De Kalb, Ill.

Harriet E. Hunt.
 Basketball '24.
 Y. W. C. A.
 W. A. A.
 Hockey '24.
 Regular Course.
 De Kalb, Ill.

Philmore Iskowich.
 College Course.
 De Kalb, Ill.

Mildred Mary James.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Regular Course
 Erie, Ill.





Archie Johnson.
Manual Arts Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Lois V. Johnson.
H. A. C.
Regular Course.
Stockton, Ill.

Violet M. Johnson.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet
Regular Course.
Rockford, Ill.

Helen Jones.
Regular Course.
Rochelle, Ill.

Alice Jackson.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Bertha Joshel.
Regular Course.
Geneva, Ill.

Marian Keagle.
Regular Course.
Highland Park, Ill.

Florence Kent.
Regular Course.
Elburn, Ill.

Karol Kieffer.
Regular Course.
Maywood, Ill.

Edna Kerch.
Regular Course.
Chadwick, Ill.





Ruth F. Kilgour.
Treble Clef Librarian.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
Regular Course.
Anna, Ill.

Eva D. Knight.
Regular Course.
Stillman Valley, Ill.

Larona King.
W. A. A.
Regular Course.
Elgin, Ill.

Geraldine Lally.
Norther Board.
Hockey.
Dramatic Club.
W. A. A.
Regular Course.
Dixon, Ill.

Randolph Langlois.
Regular Course.
Sycamore, Ill.

Agnes May Larabee.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Mendota, Ill.

Mildred Larson.
Regular Course.
Newark, Ill.

Anna A. Lawler.
Regular Course.
Cortland, Ill.

Mabel L. Lee.
Regular Course.
Mooseheart, Ill.

Ruth Elizabeth Leech.
Norther Board.
Basketball '24.
Y. W. C. A.
Ill. Womens' College '23.
Regular Course.
Amboy, Ill.





Mildred Lienbach.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Belvidere, Ill.

Emma Leonard.
Regular Course.
Woodbine, Ill.

Marianne Leslie.
W. A. A.
Vod-Vil '23.
Y. W. C. A.
Basketball Team.
Baseball Team.
Hockey Team.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Ada Lohafer. .
Y. W. C. A.
Dramatic Club.
Regular Course.
Mt. Morris, Ill.

S. Mildred Long.
Treble Clef.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Amboy, Ill.

Katherine McCabe.
Regular Course.
Malta, Ill.

Marjorie McCormick.
Regular Course.
Lee, Illinois.

Glenn V. McFarland.
Football '22, '23.
Northern Illinois Board '23, '24.
Varsity Club President '23, '24.
Manual Arts Course.
West Chicago, Ill.

Mayme McGrath.
Regular Course.
Streator, Ill.

Alice McHarg.
Y. W. C. A.
Treble Clef.
W. A. A.
Hockey '23.
Regular Course.
Pekin, Ill.





Beatrice McLaughlin.
Treble Clef.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Pearl City, Ill.

Rose Agnes McLaughlin.
Regular Course.
Joliet, Ill.

Eleanor Marshall.
W. A. A.
Regular Course.
Mooseheart, Ill.

Elizabeth Meeks.
Regular Course.
Amboy, Ill.

Caryl Meisenheimer.
Regular Course.
Walnut, Ill.

Barbara Miller.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Huntley, Ill.

Vivian Fay Moore.
H. A. C.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Ashton, Ill.

Zella Z. Morehouse.
Treble Clef.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Genoa, Ill.

Margaret Mullenbach (married)
Regular Course.
Chicago, Ill.

Helen Nelson.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Princeton, Ill.





Grace Nettlingham.
Regular Course.
Serena, Ill.

Mae S. Newcomer.
H. A. C.
F. A. C.
W. A. A.
Y. W. C. A.
College Course.
Egan, Ill.

Robert Earl Norris.
Norther Board.
Melodie Klub.
Y. M. C. A.
Northmen '23.
Tennis Association.
College Course.
Aurora, Ill.

Helen Ochsenschlager.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Aurora, Ill.

Earl Olson.
Basketball '23, '24.
Varsity Club.
Regular Course.
Sycamore, Ill.

Marian Louise Parlasca.
Regular Course.
Elgin, Ill.

Marion Partridge.
Regular Course.
Berwyn, Ill.

Ann B. Penning.
Y. W. C. A.
W. A. A.
Northern Illinois Board.
Regular Course.
Belvidere, Ill.

Josephine Peterson.
Regular Course.
Kingston, Ill.

Lily C. Peterson.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.





Richard Stanley Peterson.
Northern Illinois Board.
Melodie Klub.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Dorothy Jane Pierce.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Chicago, Ill.

Gladys Melba Plum.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Polo, Ill.

Henry Prentice.
Melodie Klub.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Abbie E. A. Quarnstrom.
Regular Course.
Sycamore, Ill.

Marie Lillian Quinn.
 F. A. C. Pres.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Regular Course.
 De Kalb, Ill.

Ethel G. Rausch.
 Regular Course.
 Mt. Carroll, Ill.

Loretta Barbara Reines.
 W. A. A.
 Hockey Team '22.
 Regular Course.
 Stockton, Ill.

Mary Renwick.
 Regular Course.
 Sycamore, Ill.

Ethel Bernice Rich.
 H. A. C.
 Regular Course.
 De Kalb, Ill.





La Ferne L. Richardson.
Regular Course.
Dixon, Ill.

Dorothy Riddlesberger.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Helen Riggs.
Basketball '24.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
W. A. A.
Baseball '23.
Hockey '23.
College Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Helen F. Rink.
Regular Course.
Prophetstown, Ill.

Elizabeth Rodgers.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Charles Robert Russell.
Football '20, '21, '22.
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.
Melodie Klub.
Varsity Club.
Rump Roast Committee.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

George A. Ryan.
Treasurer Senior Class '24.
Norther Board.
Northmen '23.
Melodie Klub.
Geography Club.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Beatrice Sandholm.
Regular Course.
Sycamore, Ill.

Martha Jane Sapp.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
Regular Course.
Princeton, Ill.

Eulah E. Schermerhorn.
Regular Course.
Waterman, Ill.





Florence Schlapp.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Oswego, Ill.

Hulda Schreiber.
Regular Course.
Geneseo, Ill.

Eileen Scidmore.
Regular Course.
Dundee, Ill.

Jessie Scott.
Regular Course.
Sycamore, Ill.

Maybelle L. Scott.
Regular Course.
Aurora, Ill.

Winifred Scott.
Regular Course.
Dixon, Ill.

Bernice Shedden.
W. A. A. '23, '24.
Y. W. C. A. '23, '24.
Hockey, '23, '24.
Regular Course.
Idée, Ill.

Thomas Arthur Shoop.
Northmen '23.
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.
Geography Club.
College Course.
Aurora, Ill.

Bethel Shultz.
Basketball '23, '24.
Baseball '23.
Northern Illinois Board '24.
Williston Hall House President.
W. A. A.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '24.
Regular Course.
Sterling, Ill.

Byron Snow.
President Senior Class.
Melodie Klub.
Manual Arts Course.
De Kalb, Ill.





Eleanore Solomon.
Regular Course.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Eudora Spicer.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Sycamore, Ill.

Marie Spickerman.
Y. W. C. A.
H. A. C.
Orchestra.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Ralph Stegmeir.
Northern Illinois Board '23.
Treasurer Normal I '22.
Baseball '22, '23.
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '23, '24.
Melodie Klub.
Northmen.
College Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Norma Stein.
Y. W. C. A.
Treasurer F. A. C.
Regular Course.
Manhattan, Ill.

Benjah Mae Stevens.
 W. A. A. '23, '24.
 Y. W. C. A. '23, '24.
 Baseball '23.
 Basketball '24.
 Regular Course.
 Pecatonica, Ill.

Jerold Stockton.
 Manual Arts Course.
 Sycamore, Ill.

Edna Swanson.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Regular Course.
 Rockford, Ill.

Esther A. Sylvester.
 W. A. A.
 Regular Course.
 Dundee, Ill.

Arvid Talcott.
 Melodie Klub
 Tennis Association.
 Manual Arts Course.
 Tiskilwa, Ill.





Margaret Tazewell.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Kingston, Ill.

Anne Tobyne.
Regular Course.
Belvidere, Ill.

Mildred Tobyne.
Regular Course.
Belvidere, Ill.

Florence M. Toepel.
Hockey Captain '22.
Basketball '23, '24.
Baseball '23.
Treasurer W. A. A.
Vice President Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Des Plaines, Ill.

Helen Trainor.
Regular Course.
Elgin, Ill.

Marian E. Wilson.
Orchestra.
Regular Course.
De Kalb, Ill.

Nellie Vogel.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Richmond, Ill.

Gertrude Whitver.
Regular Course.
Walnut, Ill.

Ardis Sigrid Widman.
Y. W. C. A.
Regular Course.
Beloit, Wis.

Lucille F. Turner.
President Y. W. C. A.
Northern Illinois Board.
W. A. A.
Regular Course.
Rockford, Ill.





Ruth M. Wilson.
Regular Course.
Springfield, Ill.

Pauline G. Wise.
Regular Course.
Roscoe, Ill.

Elizabeth Wognum.
Y. W. C. A.
Treble Clef.
W. A. A.
Regular Course.
South Holland, Ill.

Marion Arabell Worden.
Dramatic Club '23.
Hockey '23, '24.
Baseball '23.
Y. W. C. A.
Norther Board.
Regular Course.
Cherry Valley, Ill.

Ruth Worthington.
Regular Course.
Dixon, Ill.

Winnifred Van Driesen.
Regular Course.
Elgin, Ill.

Mildred Zeigler.
W. A. A.
Y. W. C. A.
F. A. C.
H. A. C.
Home Economics Course.
Oregon, Ill.



Looking Forward

Sometimes I wonder how it will feel
To miss the hustle and bustle
And the small talk in the corridors,
The class bell, and the old, familiar faces.
And I wonder if I shall miss
The noise of feet in the corridors,
And the lazy western sun, slanting in the windows;
Familiar snatches
“Permanent vacation from this institution,”
“The Tribune,” “Good English,” and the like.
Some things I shall miss and others not.
I shall miss the long walk to and from school;
But there are other long walks.
I shall lose familiar faces in new ones.
I can find books elsewhere,—
And more time to read them.
It is the little things I shall miss,
Little things like
That familiar banana-like smell of varnish,
Bells ringing, small talk,
And the hustle and bustle of the corridors.



Senior College

Ella Bansau.

Senior

H. A. C.

Y. W. C. A.

Norther Board '23.

Home Economics Course.

Sublette, Illinois.

Emmalene Bingaman.

Junior.

H. A. C.

F. A. C.

Y. W. C. A.

Home Economics Course.

Polo, Illinois.

John W. Brown.

Senior.

Y. M. C. A. Pres. '24.

Regular Course.

Shabbona, Illinois.

Lois Dysart.

Junior.

Regular Course.

Sycamore, Illinois.

Irene Gilchrist.

Senior.

H. A. C. Pres. '24.

Senior College V. Pres. '23.

Basketball '22.

Home Economics Course.

Waterman, Illinois.





Evelyn Harrington.

Junior

W. A. A. '23

Hockey '23

H. A. C. '22, '23.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '23.

Home Economics Course.

DeKalb, Illinois.

Mrs. Pearl N. Jackson.

Senior.

Regular Course.

DeKalb, Illinois.

Ruth Kilmer.

Junior.

Treble Clef.

Y. W. C. A.

Regular Course.

DeKalb, Illinois.

Elmer Kujala.

Junior.

Football '21, '22, '23.

Basketball '22, '23, '24.

Regular Course.

DeKalb, Illinois.

Merrill G. Lott.

Senior

Dramatic Club '23.

Y. M. C. A. V. Pres. '24.

Senior College Secretary '24.

Regular Course.

Downers Grove, Illinois.

Ethel F. Mitchell.
 Junior
 Y. W. C. A.
 Senior College V. Pres. '24.
 Regular Course.
 Elizabeth, Illinois.

M. Ruth Murray.
 Senior.
 Y. W. C. A.
 H. A. C.
 Orchestra
 Home Economics Course.
 Reddick, Illinois.

Gertrude Mellor.
 Senior.
 H. A. C. Treas. '23.
 F. A. C. Secretary '23.
 Home Economics Course.
 Oak Park, Illinois.

Minnie A. Nilson.
 Senior.
 Regular Course.
 Sycamore, Illinois.

Jean E. Nelson.
 Junior.
 Orchestra.
 Northern Illinois Board '24.
 Regular Course.
 De Kalb, Illinois.





Helen M. O'Donnell.
 Junior.
 H. A. C. Secretary '22.
 W. A. A.
 Home Economics Course.
 De Kalb, Illinois.

Kenneth Paddock.
 Senior.
 Y. M. C. A.
 Orchestra.
 Regular Course.
 Sycamore, Illinois.

Alice Pabstman.
 Junior.
 Regular Course.
 Cortland, Illinois.

Hilabel Purple.
 Junior.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Regular Course.
 Rockford, Illinois.

Julien Peterson.
 Junior
 Regular Course.
 De Kalb, Illinois.

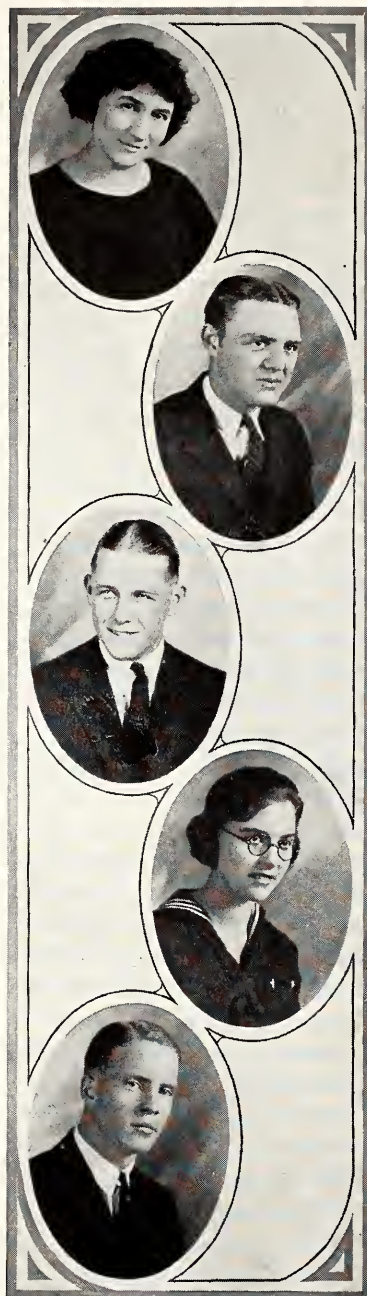
Agnes Pierron.
 Senior.
 Regular Course.
 St. Louis, Mo.

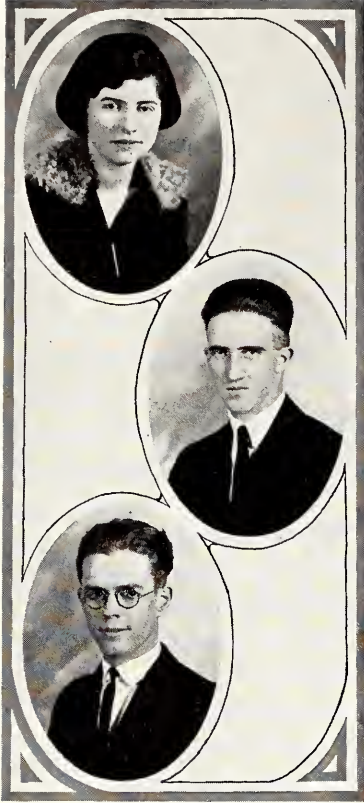
Sidney E. Rasmusen.
 Senior.
 Football '20, '22, '23.
 Northern Illinois Board '21.
 Class President '21.
 Varsity Club.
 Melodie Klub.
 Norther Board '24.
 Regular Course.
 Millington, Illinois.

Donald M. Snow.
 Senior.
 Melodie Klub V. Pres. '24.
 Football '20, '21, '22, '23.
 Basketball '21, '22, '23, '24.
 Baseball '21, '22, '23, '24.
 Senior College Pres. '24.
 Varsity Club Secretary '24.
 Regular Course.
 De Kalb, Illinois.

Barbara Scherer.
 Junior.
 Regular Course
 Sycamore, Illinois.

George L. Terwilliger.
 Junior.
 Milton College '23.
 Varsity Club '24.
 Football '23.
 Melodie Klub.
 Y. M. C. A.
 Regular Course.
 De Kalb, Illinois.





Sarah Tierney.
Junior.
Regular Course.
Elburn, Illinois.

Harvey Welsh
Senior
Y. M. C. A.
Dramatic Club
Regular Course.
Cortland, Illinois.

Byron Wyman.
Junior.
Orchestra.
Melodie Klub.
Music Course.
Sycamore, Illinois.

The Senior College

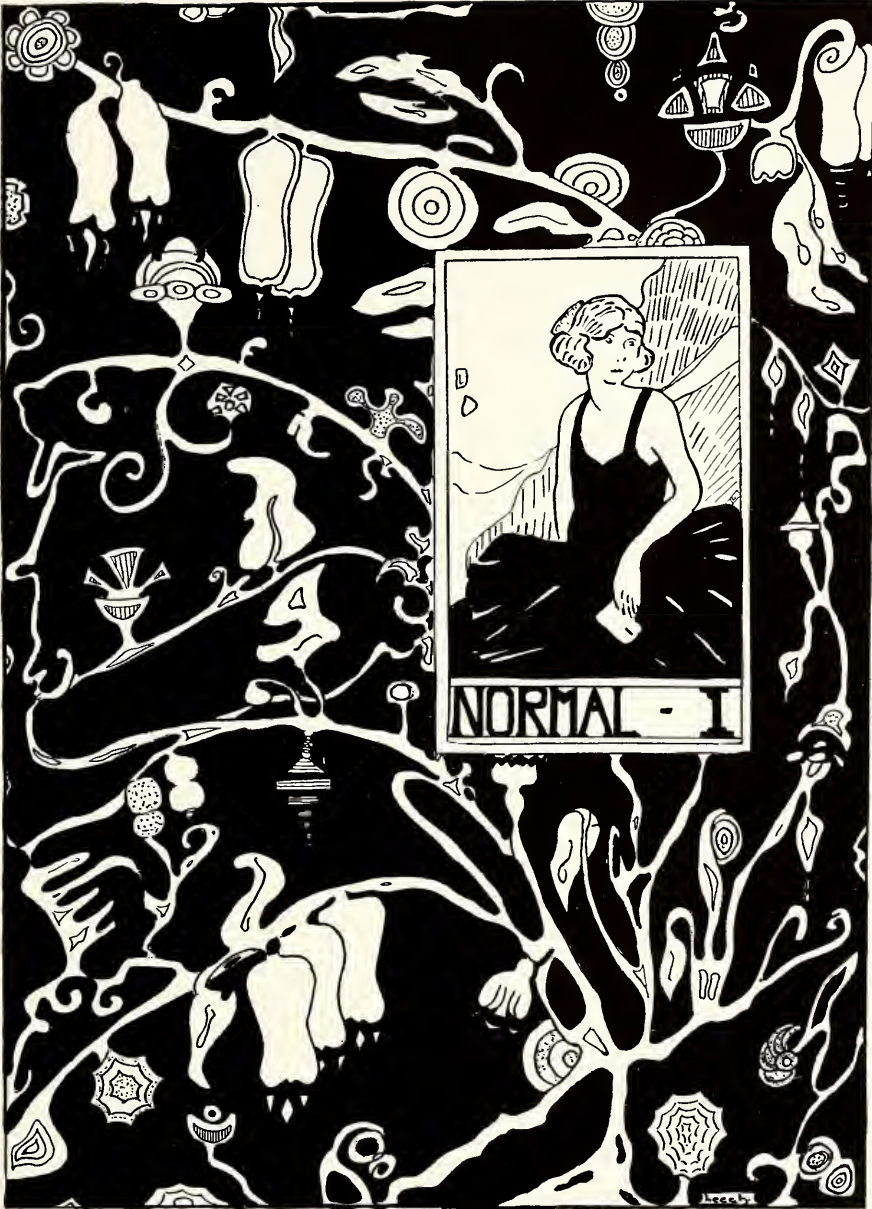
Back in the days when Emile Couée worked out his plans of auto-suggestion, he probably had nothing but the individual in the shape of a human being in mind. When he made it known that the despairing person should constantly keep before him the saying, "Day by day in every way, I'm growing better and better," in order to make him well, he attracted the attention of the universe and consequently multitudes flocked into public places to see him work out his vitalizing influences.

In 1920, by an act of the state legislature of Illinois, an educational personality, the State Teachers College, was brought into existence. To begin with, she was more a name than a physical reality. She lacked the force which was necessary to carry out the work that was suddenly thrust before her. Naturally it was not long before she appeared ill, and a "doctoring-up" was needed. Lack of funds made it almost an impossibility. She staggered under her load for a while until she hit upon Couée's plan for getting well, and she resorted to the saying, "Day by day in every way, I'm growing better and better." Lo and behold! She started herself on the road to recovery. Gradually, definite college courses began to make their appearance, more college students showed their faces above the horizon, new teachers were added to her old Normal School Staff; and along with all of these came a greater efficiency in handling the college courses. Now her vitality is being built up. In comparison with the efforts of her first year in existence, her accomplishments are ten-fold. Prospects for the future are brighter than ever before, and it will not be long ere she may look back to those early days and say, "My troubles are over, and now I may look to greater things."

Help! Help! Help!

Ye editors collect ye news
A-flying round ye Normal loose;
And with ye staff of twelve—no less
Get out ye book ye Norther.
Ye editors sit up at night
To fill ye yearbook's columns right;
They bring ye news ye exact date;
Ye printers "kick" and swear if late.
Ye critics scrutinize ye book
And call ye editor a "crook"
They read ye jokes, and ads, and such;
They cavil, carp, and censure much.
They ne'er regard ye efforts good,
But talk about ye substance wood.
Instead of building up their fame
Ye editors get all the blame.

Miriam Fehr.









Normal I

There's a story to tell of the Normal I's,
And what we have done through the year,
Of our dances and parties, and loyal support
To the teams, with many a cheer.
Of our dates and shows, our girls or our beaux,
And the walks in those lightless fall evenings,
We've had heaps of good times, in classes and out,
And great are our places and our dreamings.
And studious? Yes, to the *n*th degree;
In our lessons we always excel;
Our slogan: Do everything—all that we can,
And be sure that it all is done well.
And when we are seniors—ah! pity us then,
For our words must be learnedly spoken,
While oft in our tears will come throbbing the thought
Of our carefree young lives as mere freshmen.

Raymond L. Krueger.

The High School

The smallest group in our school is the High School Department. It is composed of about forty students, the majority of which have an unbounded love for play. Plans are ever running through their heads for parties, and out of about fifty that were suggested or fully outlined, only three ever developed.

Take a peep at the second party they had. It was in the gymnasium and, as the Decoration Committee had forgotten what the function of such a group should be, the walls, lights, and rafters remained unadorned. But the party came, and in the fun that followed, little heed was paid to the forgotten adornment of the place.

As the librarian demanded absolute silence the High School students sought refuge in the old study-hall. Here geometry presented a solemn ease to be solved, chemistry was given due consideration, and English devoured whatever time might be left. As the months rolled on they became an older and wiser group, and as the years pass and they shed their baby names, they will probably become the leaders of the Normal classes that are to follow.

Ellen Anderson



Treble Clef Medley

Come with me to the land of song,
To Treble Clef we'll go.
Don't be late—a "cut" is wrong,
There is a fine, you know.

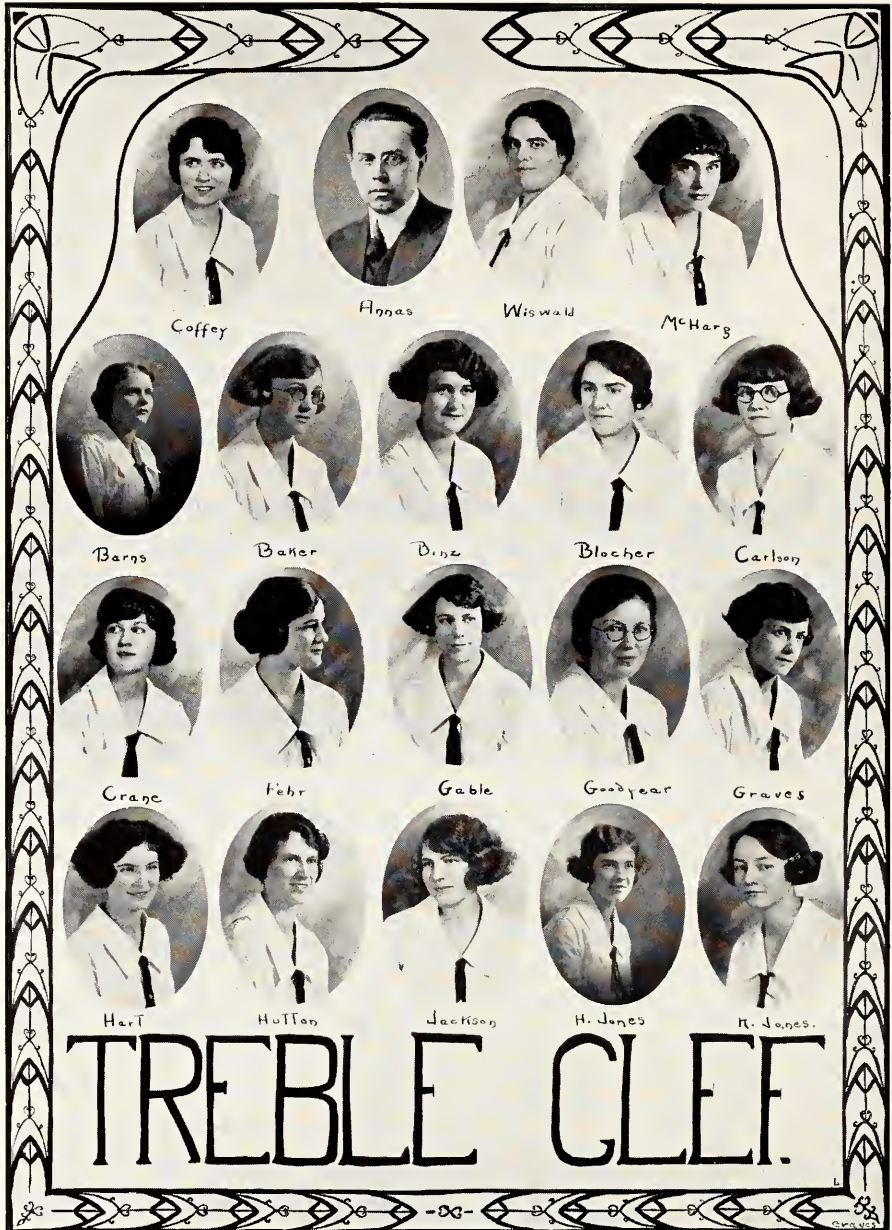
"Good-evening everybody,
We're glad that you are here,
And if it were not rude of us,
We'd give a rousing cheer."




















"Sopranos, don't make your notes so shrill.
Altos, you must come in on "hill!"
"We'll sail away o'er billowy seas,"
"A little less of the talking please!"

Now good positions—ready—sing."
"O wert Thou in the cold, cold blast—"
"Second sopranos, your tones must ring.
Altos, you are much too fast."

The time is up—the hour is eight;
And homeward then, we skip.
A happier group 'tis hard to find.
I'll say 'twas worth the trip.

Alice McHarg.



				
Coffey	Annas	Wiswald	McHarg	
				
Bargo	Baker	Dine	Blocher	Carlson
				
Crane	Fehr	Gable	Goodyear	Graves
				
Hart	Hutton	Jackson	H. Jones	N. Jones

TREBLE CLEF



The Melodie Klub

What do the Melodie Klub members think about when they rise before us to open their hearts in song? From all appearances there seems to be danger of losing their hearts for we think they must be in their mouths. Do you ever notice how pale some of them are? My, my, they are too serious to be natural. Of course, Mr. Annas is serious. With such a bunch of fellows he needs to be serious and has ample cause to worry. If only they get through the program without any "breaks" we know that he will be satisfied. After the program he can inform them that the services will be held Tuesday afternoon at two-thirty. Of course, we understand that Mr. Annas would have no just cause to feel worried if everyone were as sure of his tones as Bottlemey and Krueger (and Patterson, too). What does Norris think? Dear reader, I do not know; you must judge for yourself. We shall give the rest credit for not being able to think at such a crucial moment and pass on.

You must not conclude from this, however, that they are not confident in their ability as singers. Why even George Ryan says he isn't afraid to get up before an assembly and let them know that he has a voice and knows how to use it. The serious opening lasts but a short time and they are once more at ease. Even Mr. Annas is smiling. (Some of them would like to ask us, we are sure, how we like their new white trousers. Really they do look rather stunning. But their appearance,—'tis nothing compared to their singing). We need but mention their negro spiritual, their Song of the Vikings, or Land Sighting.

The Klub developed in two years into the most active men's organization in the school. Much good work has been done and a delightful interest has been shown by the fellows. Good-fellowship is plainly evident here. The Klub has made several trips during the past year to towns nearby where it has been clearly demonstrated that their talent and hard efforts have not been in vain. Much credit is due to Mr. Annas who has the backing of every member and has secured the respect and good will of every member of the Melodie Klub.

Stanley Peterson.

Curious Love Letters

Dear Treble Clef:

Most worthy of estimation! After long consideration and much meditation on the great reputation you possess in the nation, we have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of this declaration, we shall make preparation to remove our situation to a more convenient station to profess our admiration; and if such oblation is worthy of observation and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandization beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation of yours,

The Melodie Klub.

Dear Melodie Klub:

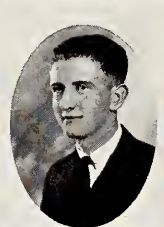
We perused your oration with much deliberation, and a little consternation at the great infatuation of your imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination and much serious contemplation, we supposed your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation, to display your education by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination, though of great variation in each respective signification. Now without disputation, your laborious application in so tedious an occupation deserves commendation, and, thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, we are, without hesitation,

Yours,

The Treble Clef.

Lucille Hurst.

- 33 -



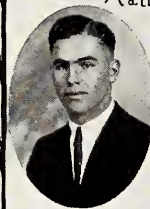
Matteson



Annas



Bagg



Langlois



Pierson



Terwilliger



Peterson



G. Ryan



Gladden



B. Snow



Anderson



Merriman



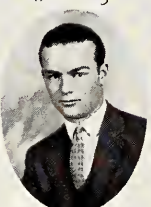
Bottomly



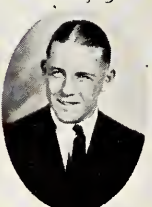
Hennebaugh



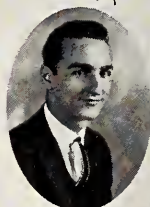
Rich



Petterson



D. Snow



Krueger

MELODIE KLUB

-3E-



Talcott



Stegmeir



Shaffer



Rasmussen



Dickner



Lyon



F. Ryan



Ball



West Lane



Nelson



Wyman



Russell



Hardy



Morris



Warner



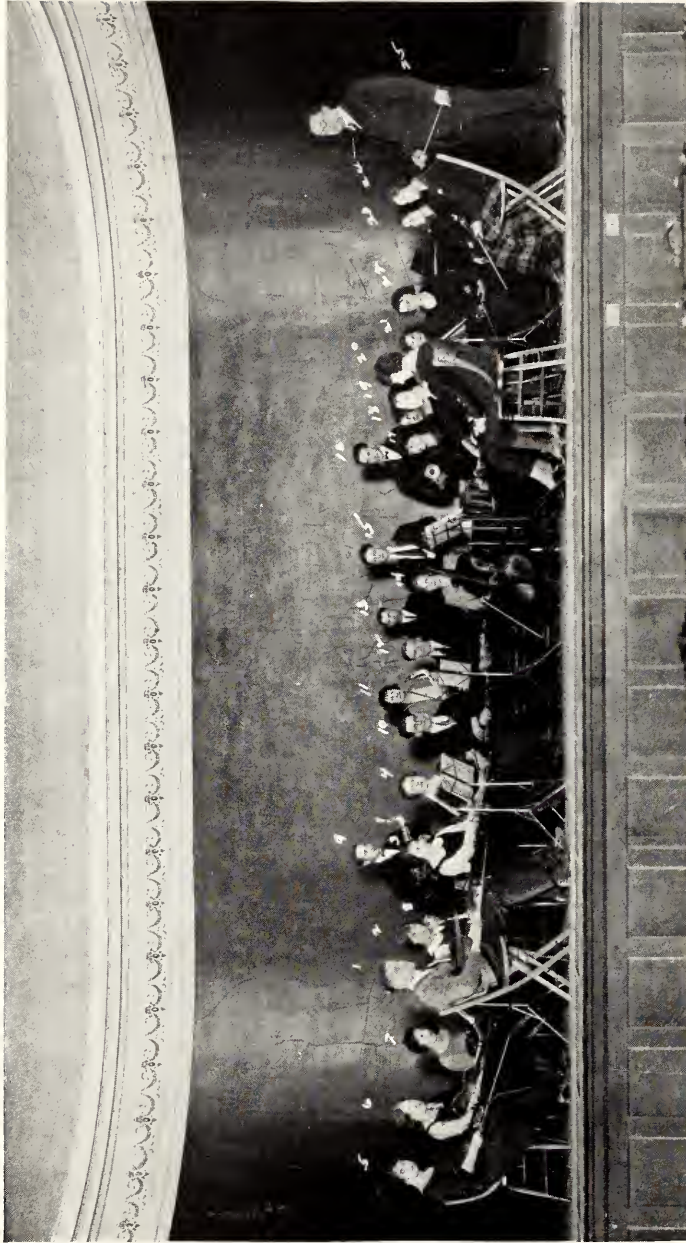
Browman



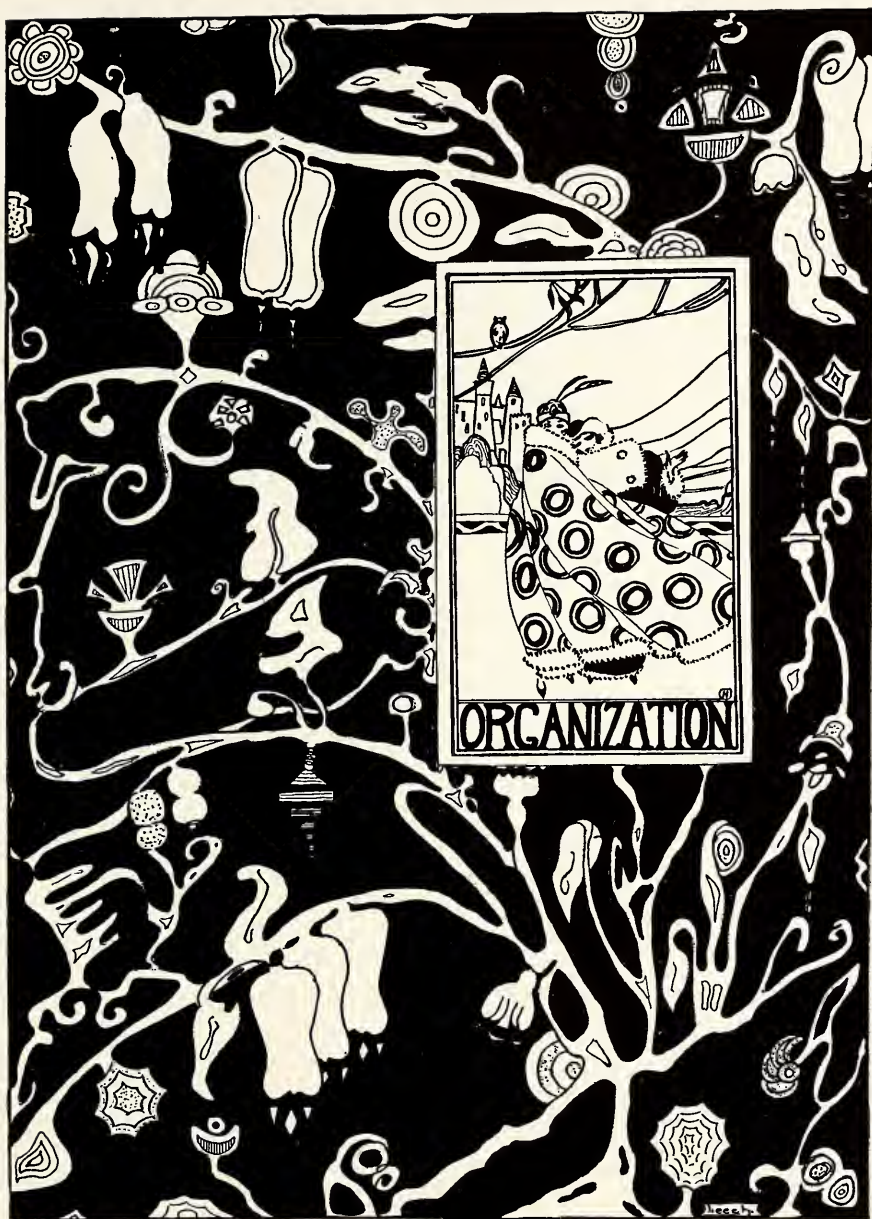
Pratica

MELODIE KLUB

G. M. V. S.



1—Theodore Anderson	1st Violin	13—Roland Richardson	Drums
2—Vera Johnson	1st Violin	14—Helen Lawton	Cello
3—Jean Nelson	1st Violin	15—Robert Lyon	1st Cornet
4—Mildred Anderson	1st Violin	16—Harley Rosenkranz	2nd Cornet
5—Marian Wilson	1st Violin	17—Gladys Althof	2nd Violin
6—Frankie Lengel	1st Violin	18—Irma Atchinson	2nd Violin
7—Frankie Adams	1st Violin	19—Esther Strousse	2nd Violin
8—Eileen Moeller	1st Violin	20—Kathleen Coffey	2nd Violin
9—John Garland	Saxophone	21—Sarah Meier	Pianist
10—Byron Wyman	1st Clarinet	22—Ruth Murray	2nd Violin
11—Florence Brown	Saxophone	23—Margaret Swords	2nd Violin
12—Stanley Peterson	2nd Clarinet	24—Miriam Fehr	2nd Violin
	25—A. N. Annas		Director





At the Sign of the Blue Triangle

At the sign of the Blue Triangle, stands the cheerful hostess, Y. W., a friend to all. She has kept open house this year, and many new people have made her acquaintance.

At the sign of the Blue Triangle:

The weary traveler finds food for his tired soul.

The traveling minstrel purchases a copy of "The Castle on the Hill."

The member of the R. H. L. may purchase a pencil in perfect "colo' ha'mony" with his radiant locks.

The Love-Lorn-Daily-Letter-Writers find plenty of material on which to write, with the seal of our school neatly engraved on each sheet.

At Christmas time, those generous hearted Christians who were playing Santa Claus to some poor soul, found cards and string for the decoration of their packages.

The Bargain Hunter finds bargains to his heart's desire in the Second Hand Shop, where is a full line of middies, ties, tennis shoes, stockings, tank suits, bloomers, and dancing costumes, to say nothing of the books. Books? Yes, that's Y. W.'s specialty.

If there is any heart which Y. W. has not reached, it is not her fault, for she stands welcoming all, at the sign of the Blue Triangle.

DOROTHY CHAPMAN.

Y. W. C. A.

It is the month of September. The train pulls into the station and the brakeman bellows in the terrifying and wholly unintelligible voice, "De Kalb!" There alights a new student, very weary and ill at ease. She is bewildered by the crowds of rushing arrivals who jostle her about with their heavy grips and suitcases. What shall she—? "Hello! are you Jane Jones? I'm your Big Sister. Glad you've come. Let's go right to your boarding place, and then I'll help you register."

Piloted safely and swiftly through the crowd, Jane presently finds herself installed in her new home, while willing hands help her to "get settled." Through the mazes of registration she is conducted speedily and well, and with Big Sister at her elbow she makes her way to the Book Exchange. Then it is that she first sees the Y. Room, comfortable and homelike with its chairs and cushions, which is to be the scene of many happy times during the months to come.

Within the next few days Jane finds herself enjoying the first meeting of the Y. W. C. A. when the three points of the blue triangle, which stands for physical, mental and spiritual development, are explained to her. In October she takes part in the Candle-light Service at Williston Hall, impressive and beautiful in its simplicity, and symbolic of purity and light. Here it is that many white-garbed girls put out the individual candle of selfishness and receive the light of service from the greatest Light of all.

There follow weeks of study and fun. Interspersed throughout the year there are Y. W. plays and programs; there are jolly picnic hikes to the Infirmary where the old folk are entertained; there are discussion meetings on war, social problems, and problems individual to our own campus; there are Japanese sales, and there are Sunday night suppers and afternoon teas. A time comes when Jane looks with pride on the new piano, bought because of the never-failing energy and industry of the girls, and she sings joyfully with everyone the songs of love and worship.

Time passes. The winter has come and gone. Spring is here. Comes a time when the Y. W. Week-end is at hand. There is a Saturday night banquet, huge and gay, where toasts and speeches inspire wit and jollity, and good fellowship calls forth songs of cheer. Sunday morning sees the Y. W. members on their way to Church, en-masse, and the afternoon finds them gathered at Williston Hall for the Installation Services. There the badge of love and service is transferred from the old cabinet to the new, for them to keep well and to cherish during the next year and the years to come—for the girl of the Blue Triangle travels always the Road of the Loving Heart, that has neither beginning nor end.

L. F. T.



Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has had real fellowship and inspiring good times in all their work this year from the first meeting in September to the election of officers in the spring. Since the demise of the Northmen the Y. has not only carried on its regular work but has also taken up the Northmen's big purpose. The Y. realize that by boosting the school and helping the men it is doing work that it should; so when any chance has come to boost any good school project the Y. has tried to do it.

The Y. members in later years can look back to these good times and remember them joyfully. After the big Y. M. and Y. W. mixer party came the directory. A little concentrated effort was necessary to bring forth an accurate student directory with a wealth of information. Then, on November fourteenth the Y. W. and Y. M. cabinets put on the Student Friendship Drive giving the students a chance to help their unfortunate fellow students in Russia. The Student Volunteer Convention at Indianapolis, from December twenty-seventh to January first was too good to pass up, so delegates were sent. Expenses were raised by a Stunt Show. So, event followed event throughout the year. The Y. M. C. A. will be well satisfied with the year's work if it can top it off by sending several men to the Lake Genva Y. M. C. A. conference in June.

Ralph Stegmeir.

The Scribblers Club

“Scribblers” is its own excuse for being. We bow to no rules, we have no organization, we have no past, we have no future, perhaps we have no aim. But we meet of a Monday night, storm or shine in a joyous certainty. There may be five members present, or there may be fifteen; we may find one poem awaiting our comment; or we may find a budget of essays, poetry, and stories demanding our approval or criticism. And, since the contributions are unsigned, we give both approval and criticism heartily. We may think we recognize Mildred Ziegler’s humorous comment on college affairs, but it may turn out to be Ray Krueger or Russell Gage; while we know from experience that a sternly masculine yarn may be from the pen—or Corona—of the petite Thelma Allen; Elizabeth Hunt may be the bloodthirsty author who kills ’em all in the last paragraph, while the mellowly sentimental view of young love, may be simply Florence Smith trying out a new style. Sometimes we get a chance to criticise Miss Curtis, or help her pull a heroine out of trouble. No past—no future—no purpose—only the pleasure that we find in putting thoughts on paper to hold us—we feel that this is excuse enough for “Scribblers.”

To Miss Curtis, Leading Lady

When you chance to read this page,
In pensive mood, or gay,
Picture then Life’s little stage
And imagine thus the play;
For tho I have not the power
Nor ability to write,
There’s a scene that hour by hour
Haunts me, thrills me day and night.
I should like to have the selling
All of jewels and treasures rare,
And the costumes I’d be getting
For my leading Lady fair
Would come from fairy maidens,
Would be things of pure delight,
And the speeched, hearty-laden
Would send dreams into the night.
And more perfect than perfection
Ev’ry part would have to be,
For only thus in my selection
Could I fairly honor thee.

A MERE SCRIBBLER.



The Varsity Club

The N. I. Varsity Club is an organization comprised of men who have earned at some time or other a letter in the major sports of our school. All letter men former and present belong to the club. The former letter men make up the honorary group. The present letter men make up the active group. The club was organized under a constitution in which some very definite aims were set forth. A few of them are: to promote school spirit and stimulate interest in athletics, to promote better and cleaner athletics, and to keep the student body and faculty in close touch with the athletic interests of our school. The club firmly believes in that little maxim, "It pays to advertise", and is doing all in its power to advertise our school so that more athletics will come. More athletes better teams; better teams mean more advertising; and more advertising means more students and a larger and better school.

The club is a "peppy" organization. To prove this the members have put their pep to work. How? Go up to the college any night that a basketball game is on. The moment you enter the building you hear cheering sounding faintly from the gym. As you approach the door the cheering grows in volume, and immediately you picture a large crowd and have the unhappy thought that you will have to stand all through the game. When you enter the gym door a young man hands you two cards which you ignore for the moment because you are astonished to find that bleachers have been installed along the east wall and you will not have to stand after all. After you gain your seat you look over the cards. One is a schedule of the Basketball games and another is a score card for the game in progress. On the bottom of these cards you read "With the compliments of the Varsity Club."

They also are responsible for the bleachers. In the course of the year you learn about other of their activities; the entertainment by the wonder magician, Elburno, a minstrel show of real merit, and a school party which brightened the social activities of the spring quarter. All in all the Varsity Club is working for the good of the school and it merits your careful consideration and interests.

Glenn MacFarland, President.

Our Geography Club

We are an informal body of enthusiasts who are interested in advanced work in geography and geology, who are taking all the electives we can while here, and who hope to come back sometime and take the rest of the twenty courses offered. We interpret our early history through the geographical environment. We have dug up all the ancient historical novels which had to do with the migrations of the pioneers. We have applied the geographical test to literature, such as the dusty works of Dickens and Cooper. We know how thrilling is the old tale of "Two Years Before the Mast" when viewed as a description of a cross section of the prevailing winds, and as a picture of early California. Through our expert knowledge of climate and glacial soils we are acting as advisers to land purchasers. We point with pride to the good judgment of those of our ancestors who settled on the fertile ground moraine of the fifth glacial period. We mourn over those who settled in the driftless area, or on the leeward side of the mountains in the region of the prevailing westerly winds. Our greatest ambition is to do credit to our wise teaching and to fulfill the club's slogan of "achievement".

Annie Glidden.



Memoirs of a Married Man

I slouch in my cozy old Morris chair,
 What matters the weather? I haven't a care.
 For I am in luck. Yes, you'll all envy me,
 I married a girl from the H. A. C.
 I had scoffed at the girls; they were nothing to me.
 The chef down at Bell's was my sweetie, you see.
 But a week of attempting my trousers to patch
 Showed plainly I wasn't cut out for a "batch".
 I must find me a wife by some hook or crook.
 The one art she must have was the fine art to cook.
 I sure flatter myself that I won me some queen.
 She can cook, she can sew and her darns are supreme.
 I am living now the life that is real,
 For three times a day I get a square meal.
 You young man, give heed and take my advice.
 Don't dare settle down till you find a wife.
 The most beautiful picture of a girl that I know,
 Is a girl in an apron with her hands full of dough,
 A booster you need for the H. A. C.
 Then girls, you don't have to look further than me.

CAROLYN LECKEY.



The F. A. C.

No! We are not a group of individuals trying to surpass all masterpieces of Rembrandt, De Bruch, and Millet, but we are striving to become acquainted with the better things of art and life—to be a Fine Arts Club in a truly literal sense of the word. We meet every other Thursday evening with Miss Merritt and Miss Draser and share their enthusiasm. With them we enter the countries of Europe, visiting their great art interest, going through the magnificent buildings with their wonderful galleries and viewing the marvelous sculpture and world-famed paintings. But our journeyings are not all imaginary, for one Saturday we went to Chicago and saw in reality the wonders of the Art Institute, and again we visited Mr. Taft in his studio on the Midway and learned from him how a sculptor works. Thus have we been fortunately inspired and have found greater enjoyment in the realms of art.

Mae Newcomer.

The Reds

“Big Meeting of the Reds Tonight”. A crowd gathered around the poster on which this announcement appeared. Gasps! Mouths opened in astonishment! Were there Bolsheviks in school? Who were the Reds?

Then a smile, a look of understanding—“The Red Heads”.

So, on that night in October, 1923, twenty Red Heads held the first meeting, and officers were elected. Who could be a more efficient president than George Ryan? So George was elected president and with the brightness radiating from his hair he accepted this esteemed position. Hannah Dwyer, with perhaps the next “reddest” hair, was elected Vice-President.

Most assuredly this famous league of Red Heads would need a secretary; therefore Jerry Lally, one of the peppiest girls in school, was elected. Money? Funds? Of course—a treasurer would be needed to keep the huge amount of money that would be amassed, and Trivilla June Brown proved to be competent.

What would the school do without Red Heads? What would the teachers do? Why, without the Red Heads in General Ex. the landscape would actually be monotonous. “‘Scorn if you must your bright red head. But do not dye your hair,’ they said”.

Hannah Dwyer.

What's In a Name!

OH EATING clubs we have
AND DANCING clubs and
CLUBS FOR red heads and
CLUBS FOR fun and pep
AND EVERYTHING imaginable
I OFTEN wondered why
THEY DIDN'T have some more
LIKE A bald head club or
FRECKLES CLUB or bobbed hair
CLUB OR something like that
THE MILDREDS twenty in all
STARTED SOMETHING new and
THAT WAS a name club.
BUT ALL the club for fun
ARE SIMPLY in the shade
FOR THIS club beats them all
THE MILDREDS keep things moving
ALL THE time and from
NOW ON just watch the Mids
AND SEE what's in a name.

MID LONG.



*Williston Hall, our dear school home,
We'll treasure memories of you—
Of sunny rooms, of laughing crowds,
Of pleasant chats and busy hours,
Familiar faces, open hearts,
And welcomes, warm and friendly.*

Ann Penning

By-Laws of Williston Hall

Thou shalt study on school nights from ten-thirty P. M. until twelve P. M.
Thou shalt leave thy light burn after twelve P. M.
Thou shalt have spreads every night.
Thou shalt burn incense and use canned heat.
Thou shalt whistle and call out of the windows.
Thou shalt run as fast as thou canst in the corridors.
Thou shalt flip water at the table.
Thou shalt enjoy toast for breakfast.
Thou shalt dance with thy gentlemen friends in the living-room.
Thou shalt not need special permission to dance at the Avalon.

Bethel Shultz.
Ann Penning.

Rowe House

Margaret R owe
Adah L O hafer
Lucile W irt
H E len Dwyer

Beula H Dentler
Frances Ing O ldsby
Mildred F U nmell
Elizabeth Meek S
Beatric E McLaughlin

Rowe House! Rowe House! Our names spell it
We are happy—proud to tell it.
Glance once more straight down the line,
Rowe House Girls! The Lucky Nine.

Adah Lohafer.

Shafer Club

Oh, those girls of Shafer Club,
You hear so much about,
The boys all stop and look with awe
Whenever they go out.
They're noted for their winsomeness
And clever things they do.
And everybody likes them
For they can't help it—can you?
They all are conscientious
When it comes to studying—men;
De Kalb is not the place for that,
The odds are one to ten.
They're seven of them—all together.
The names I need not mention
You need but say "the Shafer Club Girls",
If you wish to arouse attention!

Helen F. Rink.

A Day at the Rickard

Six A. M. and all is well. Six-thirty: ditto, Six-forty-five: Brr-r-rng! Silence. More silence.

Seven o'clock. Brr-rr-rr-r-rng! The patter of little feet down the stairs. Ditto, another staircase. "Gee, gosh, toast for breakfast!" Two gentlemen enter the dining-hall. Two thorns among the roses. The roses bloom more sweetly.

Seven-fifty: a procession down the avenue. Last minute reviews. "Imagination is the idolational survival of previous senseless, molar expositions." "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

Eleven-fifty. The daily marathon up Augusta Avenue. "For life is short and time is fleeting."

Twelve. Brr-rr-r-rng! Down the stairs. Shorty misses two steps but lands right side up, breathless and Plum-colored. Enter Papa Lott, heir to seven hundred fifty thousand bones. An extra piece of pie for Papa. Enter Ma and Daddy and all the kids. What to do when you're hungry—EAT. Everybody hungry; therefore——

Twelve-fifty. All hands on deck. The return trip.

Four-twenty. "The Rickardite homeward plods her weary way."

Eight o'clock. Silence (maybe). The end of a perfect day. Exams tomorrow. Wotta life!

Russell Gage

W. A. A.

When once you get in W. A. A.
Your troubles have just begun,
You must do something every day,
Or lose out in the run.
And when on a sweater your mind is set,
There's naught can block your way.
You'll hike long miles some points to get,
And spoil the most of the day.
When at the end of two long years,
The sweater you have won,
In spite of all your work and fears,
You've had a world of fun.

Harriet Hunt.



Our W. A. A.

Hiking! Swimming! Basketball! Hockey! Oh yes, and keeping health rules—that is the W. A. A.

Wonder what a W. A. A. member thinks about! To non-W. A. A.-ists it seems that she is always trying to decide—

Whether she can eat that piece of candy; whether she has come anywhere near drinking her daily dozen; or whether she has hiked six miles and a quarter or a round dozen.

Ask any W. A. A. member, and her answer will be:

“We are members of the National Women’s Athletic Association, the organization that stands for health, loyalty, honor, pep, and above all—good sportsmanship.

“This year the W. A. A. has grown into its youth. It is on its feet, a well-established organization, the best girls’ organization of the school.

“Get busy others, and watch us grow, but you’ll have to hurry to keep up with us.”

Anne Graham.



Vod-Vil

When Nero stood on his back porch and played "Those Hot Time Blues" while the rest of Rome furnished light for his sheet music, the people of that metropolis thought they were seeing a good, but expensive act of vaudeville. That was a few years before the Women's Athletic Association of the Northern Illinois State Teachers College began to stage their annual Vod-Vil. In some ways the production of this year was not different from that of any year before. Weeks before the show, advance press notices made an appearance and promised in lavish terms to the public, a bigger, better, and more illuminating series of acts than any ever before staged on the rostrum of our noble institution. And the really queer part about the whole thing was the manner in which the boast and promises were carried out to the very letter.

Had an agent from the Orpheum circuit been present in the audience, N. I. S. T. C. would have lost many of its most attractive young ladies. Sailors, with more roll of the sea than any tar that ever tarred; a piquant pantomime of Pierrot and Pierrette in black and white; a one-act comedy, "The Trysting Place," that packed into a few short minutes more mystery than any exam ever contained; a "Danse Divertissement" that carried one as on a magic rug from country to country; a snappy colored act by Topsy and Turvy; and last the "Follies of N. I. S. T. C." which alone made the Vod-Vil worth while—all these composed the bill offered to the public of De Kalb in the third annual Vod-Vil.

Edward Raymond.

JOURNAL OF THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

VOL. XXV

DE KALB, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 8, 1924


NO. 2

BRIMMONT HIS AFTER



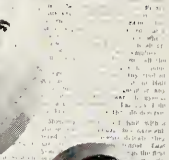
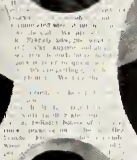

Snow, House Dance

of the great anchor ...
last year took place at ...
in the night January ...
which I now share ...
charming view ...
have told the reader ...
and that the ... was ...
the before the ... but ...
I have it to find a second ...
there is no doubt ... that ...
which would all manner of ...
proper time, ... away ...
... the ... and ...
... The ...
... The



Personals

of America has left
the law
and I am not certain
if it is
in the same way as
it was before.
I am not certain if
it is the same thing
as it was before.



playing, we are the lovely
to make the water about the

**A. A. Vod-vil to
Be Big and Peppy**



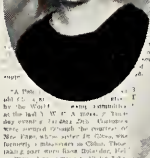
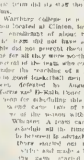
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DeKalb, 10; War-

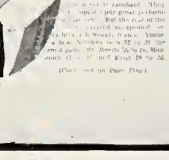
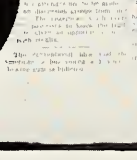
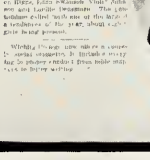


Valderrama's Middle School today
and that is a shame.

of the Vol-Vol de la Jeunesse is an acronym, after only a slide in the words that it is put in the professional group. It does in the least resemble the "Juvén" performance was born in Po-Crater. It is a finished product, a year there are to be six big. The group of the first one is in the Great Lakes, and is to be by a group of young and less smiling acts. Included within the latter acts is a contact play — a play that promises to make us feel order in the world. Endless up in a heap the Vol-Vol are to be in the first one on a national



...hot metal being with the
goods.



The Northern Illinois

Yes, we've our Northern Illinois, we've our Northern Illinois to-day.

We shall read of four teachers,
The great thoughts from speakers;
We shall get the college news of the day.
The games—have they been victorious?
The fame of our boys—is it glorious?

But yes, we've our Northern Illinois, we've our Northern Illinois today.

Yes, we've our Northern Illinois, we've our Northern Illinois to-day.

We have good jokes, information,
Advertisements, inspiration,
The Vod-Vils good stunts—by the W. A. A.
We laughed at our good Killin-Kolumn
All filled with good fun.

But yes, we've our Northern Illinois, we've our Northern Illinois today.

Yes, we've our Northern Illinois, we've our Northern Illinois to-day.

Oh gladly we'll receive it;
We'll always believe it;
We'll long for it when we're away.
Our good old paper is the best
It stands out above the rest,

But yes, we've our Northern Illinois, we've our Northern Illinois today.

Sophie Johnson.



Student Activities

Again we hear, "Where is my Student Activities Book?" This small book has delighted the multitude of readers who, each year, buy the latest limited editions. It is the most popular of any book in the T. C. Library, and the most valuable, because it cannot be replaced, when lost. It is to us a magic book, in many respects similar to Aladdin's famous lamp. All Aladdin had to do was to rub his enchanted lantern, and all we have to do is to tear a page out of this precious book. Each page grants us an entrance into the fairyland of art, literature, music or fun.

We enter first into the land of music. The beautiful prima donna songbird, Cyrena Van Gordon, is there to entertain us. We shall always remember her for her sweet, clear voice and her interpretation of "The Cry of the Valkyrie." We tear another page from our magic book, and there is Percy Hemus with his clicking red heels, and his supporting cast of metropolitan artists in Mozart's famous Opera Comique, "The Impresario." With the third page we hear the Du Moulin Concert Artists who give us wonderful interpretations of beautiful medleys.

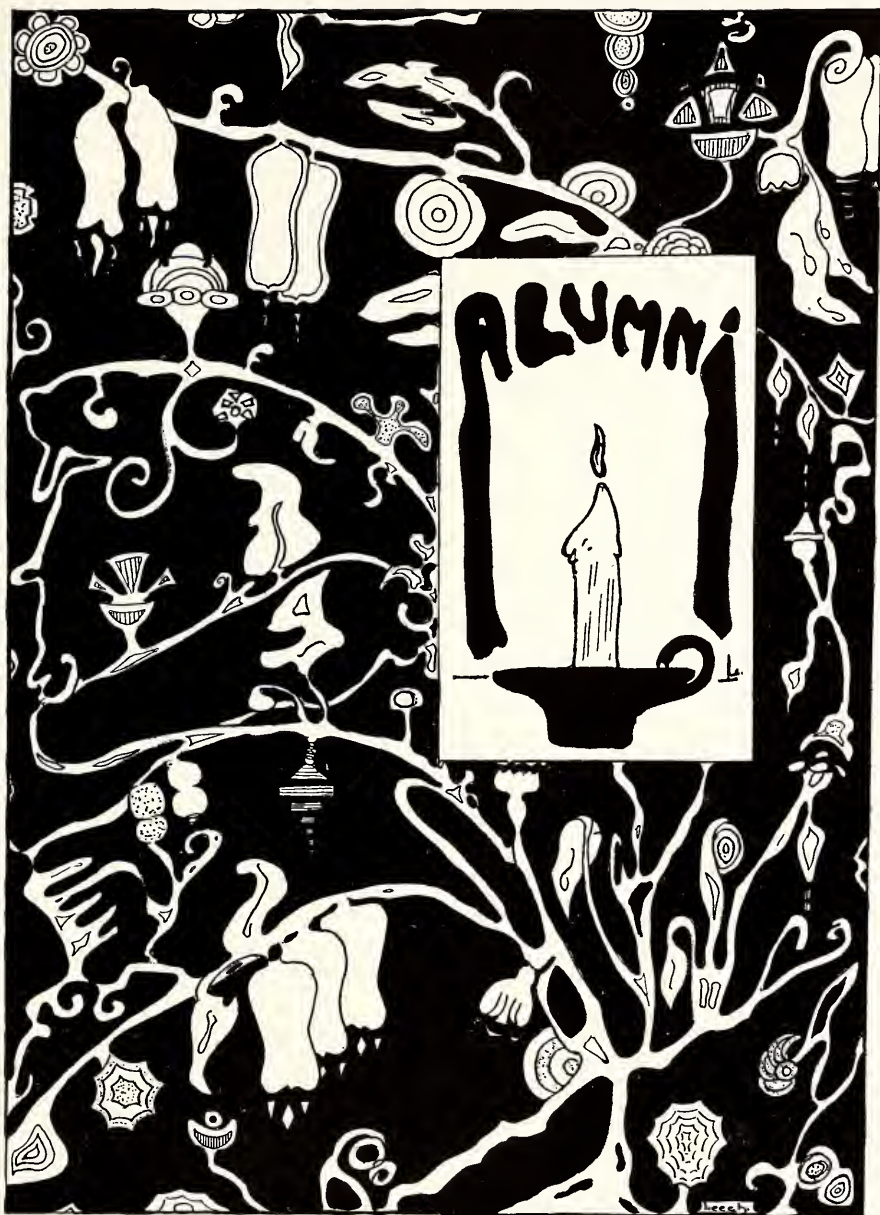
Our magic book has various other interests. The field of travel is open to us. Before we realize what is happening we find ourselves in Malaysia with Dr. Fay Cooper Cole, who is explaining all its mysticisms of life and scenery. Then again we are in the world of art with Henry Turner Bailey who is explaining the principles of beauty in common things. He tells us that there are three principles, i. e. consistency, rhythmical variation, and curvature, and he makes these all very clear by illustration. Our Student Activities Book gains for us a magic introduction to a psychological genius, Mr. Chester M. Sanford, noted lecturer on vocational guidance. By his unusual insight into human nature he is able to suggest to many, the vocation to which they are best suited. One of his many secrets of success is "Think Success if you are to be successful." To charm us with their magic come the little wooden marionettes. Surely they are alive—but some one has told us that numerous strings make them act. We look in vain for strings and finally come to the conclusion that some clever magician has really animated those little wooden images.

And all along our magic book unlocks the bolted door to realms of fun. Every one is happy. We hear shouting, laughter, and song.—"N. I. S. T. C. Rah! Rah! and "Hail for Teachers College. Hail for old T. C."—re-echoes in the gymnasium. Yes, we are at a game, and T. C. is winning. At another time we glance into the gymnasium and see happy youths and maidens whirling to the strains of "Dream Daddy." And the Follies which are staged in miniature by the W. A. A. in their annual Vod-vil. Every two weeks our activities are reviewed by our popular school paper, the Northern Illinois.

T. C. is glad for the Student Activities.

Gladys Plum.







Home Coming

Alumni time. Train comes.
Roll of music, sound of drums.
People's laughter gaily ringing
Students cheering, shouting, singing.

Now the Alumni all are here.
We give each one a welcome cheer.
We, the Seniors, look with wonder
For they all are dressed in splendor.

We, the poor and tattered scholar
Think they must have many a dollar,
And wonder when the time will come
When we shall earn our little sum.

Svea Hubbard.



To N. I.

Sometimes it has seemed to me that most of the significant events in my life have been purely accidental happenings. And yet, whether by caprice of fortune, hand of fate, or dictate of Providence, my lot has indeed been cast in pleasant places. My coming to De Kalb in 1908 seemed at the time both accidental and temporary—and behold, I remained twelve wonderful, happy, fruitful years. I didn't realize at the time just how wonderful they were.

I look back upon those years with the keenest satisfaction. Those were the years that brought to me new visions and a new philosophy. They brought me new friendships among faculty, students, and townspeople that have been genuine and lasting. I thank whatever powers there be that have dominion over little men and small affairs and accidents and accidental things, that my pathway led through the "Castle on the Hill" during those fateful years from 1908 to 1920—(with time out for a little unpleasantness with the Kaiser).

Although not an alumnus, I know rather intimately at least half of the graduates of the Northern Illinois Teachers College. It was my good fortune to be closely associated with the matchless and masterminded John W. Cook; the sweet and simple and boyish Luther Hatch; and the exuberant, kindly, and

sensitive Fred Charles, all of whom have responded to the Great Call. The sweet and sacred memories of those choice spirits cling to every vine and flower and brick and stone that adorn that most beautiful of all campuses. They inspire me with reverence for the whole place.

There were other choice spirits, and some of them remain, ambassadors of a great faith and apostles of the imperishable ideals of the "Master Craftsman."

A new era and a new name have come to the "Castle on the Hill." Grasping the torch from the faltering hand of John W. Cook, a new leader stepped forth, different in type, yet gifted by nature and fitted by training and experience to continue and to enlarge the work to which others had so faithfully and so well devoted their lives. Dr. J. Stanley Brown is the inheritor of all those rich treasures of lofty ideals, fine traditions, and multitudes of alumni and friends devoted and true to the last man. He matches them with equal treasures of mind and heart and aspiration.

I speak as a voice from the past. The spirit of the alumni and others who have worked there and caught the vision and the inspiration, will ever brood over the destinies of that great institution, jealous of its good name, proud of its ideals and its past, exulting in its achievements, forever anxious yet supremely confident and hopeful for its future.

S. J. Vaughn
President of Women's College.
Mexico, Missouri.

The Meeting of Us All

Has the thought occurred to you—
Seniors of '24,
That there will come a day,
No so very far away,
Which will end Assembly Meetings evermore?

And have you grieved and sighed—
Seniors of '24,
Thinking how you'll miss the treats,
Reading letters in your seats,
The lectures, the announcements, the N. I. at the door?

Then 'rouse from your despair—
Seniors of '24
For in the springtime of each year,
To our Auditorium here,
Comes the "cream of all our State," yea and more.

Then think how proud you'll be—
Seniors of '24,
(With your globules all expanded,
From the learning you have landed)
At our Birthday Meeting—five years and a score.

We'll be glad to have you with us—
Seniors of '24,
Standing strong for Alma Mater,
Helping make her stronger—greater,
Which is what the Annual Business Meeting's for.

Norma Stelford.

What A Norther Board Thinks About

DEFINITION

A Norther Board is a large human board composed of several pieces—usually about twelve—joined together in a more or less harmonious manner, for the purpose of collecting and organizing the bright doings and sayings as well as the less interesting phases of college life so that all may have a memory book in which all may turn to reminisce;

In the Fall—

(The board has just been organized, so says the board to itself:)

“ ’Tis rather nice to be on this Norther Board. Some notoriety becomes ours, and we have just loads of fun at our meetings. Oh yes, we do some work such as plan our book and our budget and ask students to write articles for us. This is going to be a snap, all we have to do is to tell other people what to do and write.

In the Winter—

(Troubles begin:)

“Oh dear me, there’s a hinge that joins the sixth piece of my body that seems to be rusty. The sixth section just won’t help us crawl along, and without all twelve pieces working together we can’t get very far. We must have hit a snag somewhere along our journey, wonder that we’ll do? Mercy me, just received four messages from other parts—three say they can’t get anyone to write their articles, and one says he’s still trying to get the few bashful people to have their pictures taken. Really I’m so tired that I just can’t study at all; our meetings last so much longer than they did at first, and we’re always told to hurry and to get our material ready. Truly that’s all they seem to think we have to do. Then, too, we had to miss that basketball game last night, and we *did* want to see it. Guess we’ll have to worry along some way, though I believe my head aches all the time.

In Early Spring—

(Still troubles and more work).

For goodness sake! People seem to think we never get tired. Three or four hinges are a little rusty, guess I’d better oil them today so all of

their work will be in on time. Believe we have joined the professional beggars club—all we do is beg and beg to have articles written and in the end we write about half of them ourselves. If people were only one half as busy as they think they are, what a whirlwind we'd live in!

Can you beat that, we thought we were all through with our work when the printer began his, but truly, we forgot all about proof reading. Here's a picture of one of our faculty members. He has a Ford Coupé you know. Wonder where he wants his picture placed? It would make a good frontispiece, wouldn't it? Oh, dear me, my eyes are so heavy that tooth picks aren't strong enough to hold them open. I have ordered some special wire one for this purpose—quite an invention, don't you think so?

Now that's done, and I'm glad of it. Everytime I look at a printed page I will begin looking for misspelled words, wrong punctuation, incomplete sentences and find myself furiously scratching the page with queer looking pencil marks. Quick! Catch my mind or bring a flash light for I fear I am losing it.

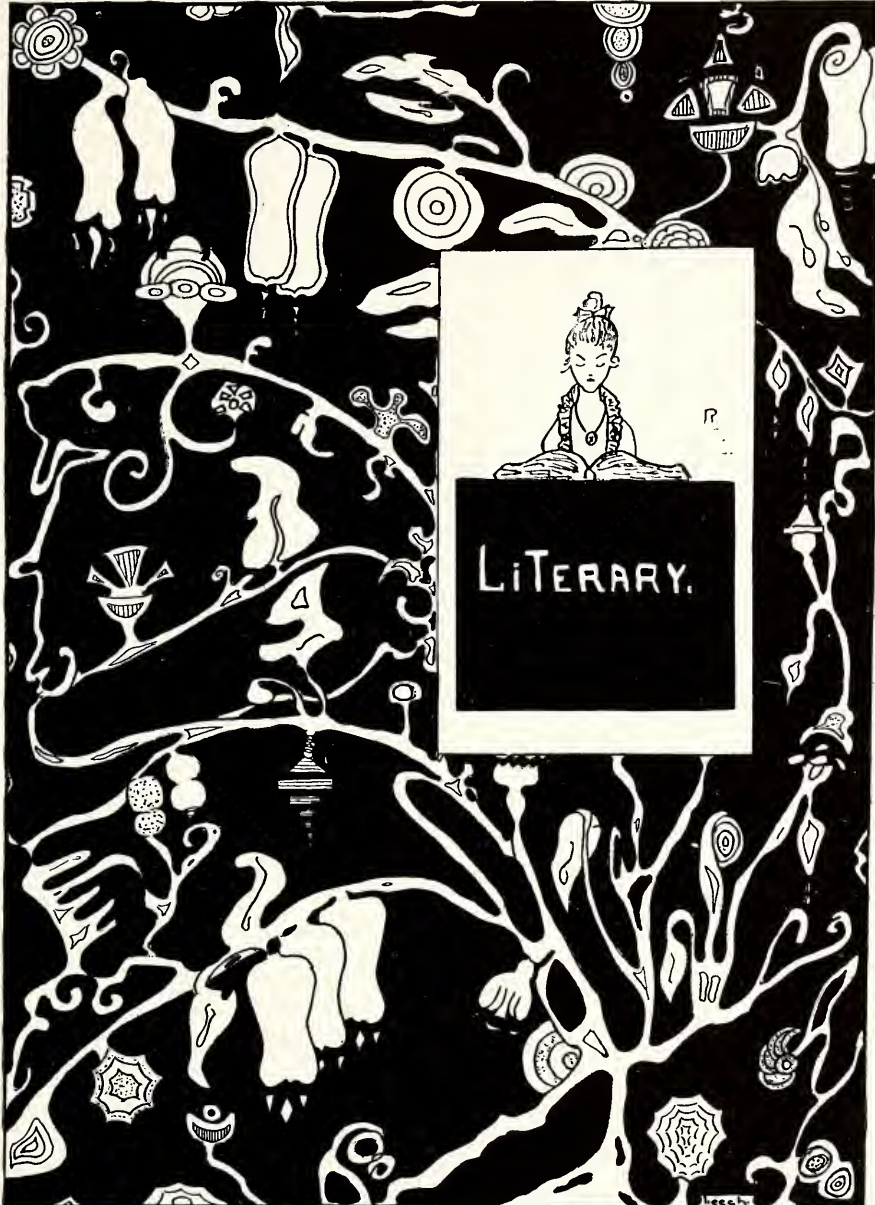
In Later Spring—

(The book is out and troubles all ended. Time to enjoy life again.)

All parts are in good order now, running fine since all the work has been finished. People do give us a lot of credit, don't they? We feel quite important again, and most people seem to like the book, at least they feel sorry for us and say that they do. There aren't as many mistakes as we were afraid there would be. Some of the jokes are stale, aren't they? Maybe it's us—we've read everything in this book about four times. Suppose we shouldn't expect them to be new any more.

Oh dear me, guess I'm sleepy, almost time to go to bed and rest until next fall, then it will be the same old grind again. Oh, 'tis a gay life, hope everybody has a good time reading the efforts of our work.

Stella A. Langworthy. '23



Ours

Brooding towers, gray against the sky,
Wooded shores where rippling wavelets sigh—
You have been ours.

Friendships grown dear through fleeting, happy days,
Little faces, eager children's ways—
Have all been ours.

Spirit of loyalty, endeavors high,
Love for the towers etched against the sky—
These have been ours.

And ours still, though castle gates swing wide,
Ours, though we must on, and ways divide,
Ours, to linger long in every heart,
Of memory to play a living part.

WINONA GARLAND.

The Glidden Girl

She leaves us ev'ry morn at eight A. M.
And not 'til late shall we see her again.
Under her arm a load of books she totes,
Her plan book and her many teaching notes.
That happy Glidden girl.

As off she starts, this call she often hears—
“Will you this letter mail?” “Yes, dears.”
“And also get a bar of Castile soap.”
At last she's off (“No more requests, I hope.”)
The obliging Glidden girl.

At noon she homeward drags her weary feet.
 (“Does my critic think I never have to eat?
Food quick! For fifth hour class I surely shall be late.
I have plans to write; for dessert I cannot wait.”)
That starving Glidden girl.

Thelma Allen.

A Sonnet to a Junior

(Written on graduating from N. I. in '24.)

A thing so fresh, so green, so fair, so young,
A something very great yet not so great,
A creature that is talked of, but unsung,
A puppet in the hands of cruel fate,
A smartie that is sometimes truly smart,
A stupid that is not so dumb, at that,
A bit of one great whole, yet set apart,
A Junior! Creature queer to wonder at!

Oh, Infants of the class of twenty-five,
Cheer up! A tiny ray of hope remains.
A chance to burst the bonds, to come alive,
Is every Juniors legacy. Just brains
Are needed. For we all, of yore,
Were Juniors once—yes, even twenty-four!

L. F. T.

My Critic

I thought of her first with misgivings,
With many a fear and a doubt;
My future held paths unfamiliar—
Could I ever their steepness surmount?
But that was before I had seen her,
Or had known of her sympathy rare;
For with infinite patience and kindness,
My trials she helped me to bear.
And so I shall say when I leave her
That all who have worked with her here,
Can never, no never forget her,
Or her influence felt through the year.

M. Hoglund

Mealtime

It was mealtime.
I arrived
Three minutes late
And was greeted
With an icy stare
From the waitress.
However,
Time will improve her.
She will learn to
Expect me
When she sees me.
The conversation
Never lags
During mealtime.
It is not always
Of a highly educational type,
But it is.
You must admit,
Always interesting.
“The Lord helps those
Who help themselves”
Is the motto lived up to
By all.

It has been said
That a person
Should be in
A pleasant frame of mind
When coming
To a meal.
However,
This is unimportant
For the blues
Are soon
Chased away
By witticisms
And melodious laughter
In due time
The end of the meal
Is reached and we all
Go to another room
For a pleasant
Social hour,
Which leaves us
Full of ambition
And zeal
For “Comp.”

Gladys Plum.

Auditorium Math.

1's and 2's! There are 1's and 2's scattered every where in the auditorium, by 1's and 2's. By their *number* you may know them. The 1's are there for a serious purpose; to read letters, to write letters or to take a course in the art of becoming a 2. Close observation is necessary. The first essential of the course is to obtain the other 1-2 of the 2, who may be beguiled by individual means. Fatty Keefe and Salty Peterson offer variation and experience. The 2's seem to drift naturally into the auditorium. It is during the next part of the course that the 1 is likely to encounter trouble.

The positions of the 2 are difficult to assume because of the arms—of the seats. The 1-3 positions should be one of careless ease, which does not indicate a desire to study. 1-2 of the 2 should search diligently for the book which the 2 is to peruse. The book when found, automatically changes the 1-3 position of the 2 to 2-3, which is a more complicated one. The *angle* at which the heads are held must not allow 1-2 of the 2 to assume all the weight. The *respective altitudes* have much to do in determining this *angle*. Hannah Dwyer and Marjorie Gable each demand a certain *number* of *degrees* and *minutes*. The 3-3 position is a very natural one. 1-2 of the 2 in order to study more carefully, allows his arm to relax restfully along the back of the next occupied seat.

The most artistic art of the 2 occurs when the bell rings. The 1-2 of the 2 gracefully allows his arm to assume its natural position; the other 1-2 reflectingly powders her nose; both 1-2's gather up books and *angle* their way to the door. Each 1-2 gives a promising smile to its other 1-2 and goes its own way.

So, in the auditorium, dotted with 1's and 2's are observing in a course Dr. Brown gives no credit for—*Auditorium Math.*

Ruth Wilson.

Our Plow

O, ancient, worthy plow, reposing on the eastern stairs,
Sedate in thy calm majesty, removed from worldly cares—
The cynosure of glances and remarks from youth and age—
Fair plow, all homage to thee due, thou pride of Mr. Page!

He brought thee here and keeps thee on the winding eastern stairs;
He catalogued and tagged thee, plow—thou rarest of the rares!
Worm-eaten, mouldy monarch, last remains of by-gone days,
Thy usefulness is over, and thy skeleton decays.

Thy usefulness is over? No, it has but just begun.
For from this aged relic, the modern plow has come.
Not what thou art, that counts, but what thou once hast been;
The years thou'st seen and weathered, the work thou'st entered in.

We climb the stairs, and muse aloud as we descend again:
“ 'Tis not alone that *thou* decay'st—the same is true of men!”
Sometimes we look at thee and think; sometimes we only look;
Could'st thou tell all that thou hast seen, 'twould fill a hist'ry book.

And so we're glad that thou art dumb, and cannot write a text—
Or he'd have us reading *that* book, too, and then we'd be quite vexed!

Russell Gage.

The Janitor's Lament

The hours I spend with thee, N. I.
Are as a string of girls to me.
I count them over as they trampie by
My broomery, my broomery.

Each hour a girl, each girl a galosh
To cause me work when I'm done.
I grasp my broom and strive at last to catch.
Each sneaking one, each sneaking one.

Agnes O'Malley.

A Day in the Lower Hallway

- 7:30—Earliest early-bird arrives—and has to wait for the janitor to open the chicken yard gate.
 7:55—Students talk, sing, whistle, and yell, secure in the knowledge that most of the faculty have not yet arrived.
 7:59—44/100 Final race for classes.
 8:10—The tardy one who has “done” her hair twice. She sneaks through the doorway, tiptoes down the steps, and —“TAKE OFF THOSE OVERSHOES!” She retreats wildly, pursued by a demon armed with a huge brush.



- 8:35—Student teachers search hastily for notebooks and stray pencils. Some successfully evade the ogre and get in and out without having to remove and replace galoshes.
 11:16—Few who have skipped assembly escape noiselessly through the east door.
 11:50—The hall is a mass of squirming, writhing, humanity. There is a dull roar, a mixture of agonized voices, bumps of colliding heads and the bang of locker doors.
 12:30—Hallways becomes lunch-carriers' speedway.
 12:59—Ditto 7:59.
 2:15—Dean Gilbert disperses mob at Y. W. door and puts to flight a spooning couple on the steps.
 2:16—D. G. dislodges studious young lady who is sunning herself in the west window of the foyer.



- 3:00—Janitor chases a brush down the hallway.
 4:15—Grand exit.
 5:00—Unhappy individual laden with library spoils dodges through a maze of scrub pails, stumbles over a mopstick, and suffers unkind thrusts from brush handles. He heaves a sigh as he gains the doorway.



- 8:00—The hall is a prison corridor, dark, gloomy and drear. Let's go home.

MARIAN WILSON.

Locker Notes

Of students there are many,
Of lockers there are few.
And so for every locker,
Of girls there will be two.

Now room-mates are a nuisance,
And friends sometimes seem bad,
But the girl who shares your locker
Just nearly drives you mad.

The way she piles things on the shelf
Is enough to give you blues.
Deep beneath her rubbers there
You'll find your tennis shoes.

She's taking gym this year, you know,
And middies—she has two!
But if you try to borrow one,
It's the dirty one for you.

She seems to think she has a claim
To both the locker hooks,
And that the shelf was put there
To hold her many books.

So there she piles them thick and high.
On top she puts her hat,
And if there is a little space
Her gauntlets fill up that.

You may have left your notebook there,
But then, when you come back
You'll find it down among the stuff
Piled in, way at the back.

Her fountain pen is always dry
And so she helps herself—
Doesn't ask for yours, you know,
Just takes it off the shelf.

If you should chance to have a pal
Who none of these things will do,
Ask her to be your locker mate,
For she's the chance for you.

Ruth Wilson.

The Smoke Stack

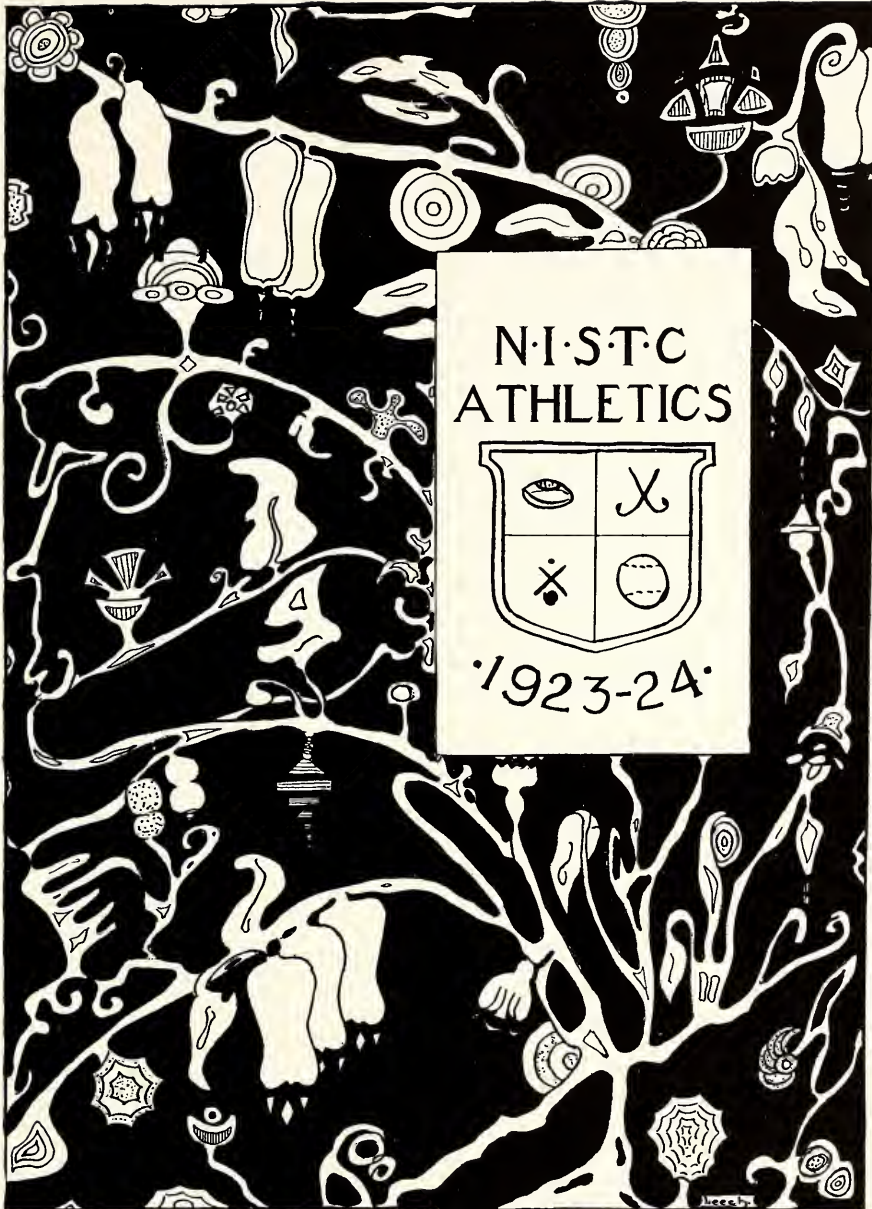
We talk about the beauties of our Castle on the Hill,
We look upon its great grey stones from turret-tower to sill,
And glance with pleasure at its walls; we like the porte-cochere,
But the thing that thrills my heart the most is neither here nor there.
It's the smoke-stack!

It's beauty is majestic, it is round and straight and fine,
It's firmness reassures us, it is true in every line,
It rises high above life's trials and toils and petty cares,
It lifts itself up to the sky, it minds its own affairs.
It's the smoke-stack!

Oh, would that we could be as straight, as firm, as fine, as true,
Oh, would that we could do the work that it is ours to do.
And looking ever upward, and weathering every blast,
Give staunch allegiance to all, form friendships that will last.

Lucille Turner.

This is my Alma Mater! My dower
From thee, the mem'ry of each ivied tower,
Thy hall, thy—not the lofty thought
They think will go with me. With toil I bought
The right to take with me whate'er I will.
To want to bear away material to fill
The vacant hours of future years—Mem'ries
Of all thy little things wherein one sees
The dreams of yesterday. Behold the keys
Which ope for me that treasure box of thine,
Which frees from those beloved years, sunshine
To warm and chew these distant days of mine.



Men's Athletics



WILLIAM S. MUIR

The past year has been one of many changes in the athletic record and policy of our college. To a great extent these changes have been due to Coach William S. Muir, who came to the state college last fall to be director of athletics. To say the least, Coach Muir has "made good."

Coach W. S. Muir graduated with the class of 1917 from the University of Missouri where he received his B.S. degree. While at Missouri he received letters in football, basketball, and track. During the summers of 1921 and 1923 Coach Muir attended the University of Illinois summer coaching school. His coaching at Decatur also won him recognition. The district basketball championship went to his school one year when he had the honor of training several young men who have later made names for themselves in athletic circles. Among those who received high school training from Coach Muir are such athletes as Cord Lipe, an Illinois basketball star, and Bowmen, Harrington, Wally and Fields, of Millikin.







Browman, "Lud"
Tackle



Captain Kujala, "Kuj"



Rasmussen, "Sid"
Tackle



McFarland, "Red"
Guard



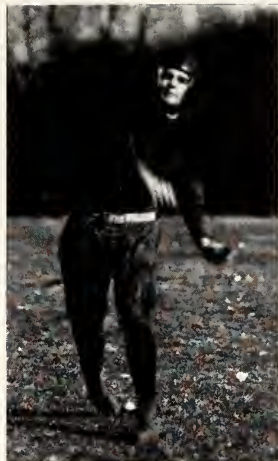
Embree, Waite
Center



Terwilliger, George
Guard



Snow, "Don"
Quarter-back



Capt.-elect Ball, "Pete"
Quarter-back



Rich, "Tommie"
Guard



Keller, "Jawn"
Half-back



Donnelly, "Pat"
End



Chapplear, "Chap"
End



Backfield men preparing for a scrimmage that soon demonstrated how low they could hit the first line defense.



Snow and Keefe, two of the teams outstanding players.



Line men working down the field while practicing the duties of a squad on the offensive. The line was considered heavy.



Gus Warner showing the boys how plunges for touchdowns should be made. Warner was able to show the same style in a game.



Patterson falling for Coach Muir, that is under the directions of the coach, who could think of many different games to play while on practice.

1923 Football Review

Our football season for 1923 was one of many reverses. Not all of these disappointments were matters concerning scores, but a review of the scores reveals sufficient reason for disappointment on those grounds.

Many reasons can be attributed to the fact that the season was not entirely successful. Those in charge of arranging the schedule now feel that it was not well arranged since the most difficult games of the season were played when the team had had little practice. Then, too, a change in coaches always brings readjustments to which the old members of the team must accustom themselves.

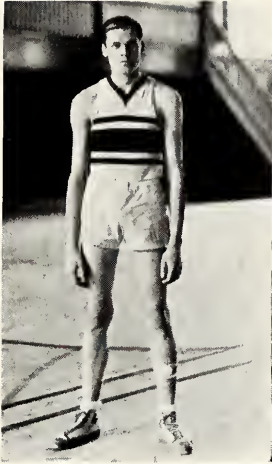
At the opening of the season Coach Muir had ten of last year's men on the field, seven of whom were letter men. Those from last year were Captain Conahan, Captain Kujala, former Captain Warner, McFarland, Rasmusen, Keefe, Browman, Donnelly, Snow, and Ebaugh. Some of the new players who proved themselves to be of more than ordinary ability were Ball of Aurora, Patterson of Sycamore, Univitch of Waukegan, Kellar of La Moile, Rich and Embree of De Kalb, and several other high school players.

The opening of the season was very successful, the Cardinal and Black squad defeating Elmhurst College on our field by a score of 40 to 0. The team worked hard and the prospects were good. On the following Saturday the squad, accompanied by several autoloads of rooters, went to Beloit, where they were defeated 33 to 7. The game was one of the bravest battles the college squad fought, and it was only because Beloit resorted to absolute forms of playing that the score was turned in their favor. Our team was so badly crippled in the Beloit struggle that it was defeated by the Whitewater team on the following Saturday by a score of 28 to 0. On Homecoming Day our team held Old Normal to a 0 to 0 tie. The next game was won by Eureka by a score of 28 to 0. Although Lombard defeated us by a 60 to 6 score, there is some satisfaction in knowing that our team was one of the very few who were able to score on Lombard.

The last home game resulted in a 13 to 13 tie with Mt. Morris. The last game of the season was played at Wheaton. This game, too, resulted in a tie, 7 to 7.

A summary of the results shows that our team won one game, tied three, and lost four. Although the season could not be called a great success it produced good material for a team next year. Lester (Pete) Ball has been chosen for the captain of the 1924 squad.

Basketball



Captain Olson, "Ollie"
Center



Captain-elect Westlake,
"Beef"
Guard

One cannot look back on the past basketball season with any degree of justice without taking notice of the outstanding work done by Earl Olson, captain of the squad. In looking forward to the coming season similar triumph will be expected from Westlake, who recently was chosen captain-elect. Both men, one who has already served and the other who will serve, have earned their positions by sheer ability. Favoritism has never played a part in the elections of captains for the basketball squad of N. I. S. T. C.

Captain Olson was new on the College five last year, and was from the start an aspirant for the position of center, held by former Captain Lindgren. Although he was not able to play in every game, his ability was such that he was soon recognized as being best suited to be captain. The results of the season have shown that Captain Olson was more than equal to his position.

Captain-elect Westlake comes from Elburn, a small town already made famous in the State College by Gee, one of last year's basketball stars. Westlake, at the opening of the season, signified his intention of securing a position as guard, and before many games had been played he became one of the regulars. Next year should find him one of the outstanding men on the squad.



Ball, "Pete"
Forward



Kujala, "Kuj"
Guard



Snow, "Don"
Forward



Univitch, "Pollack"
Forward

Cage Season a Success

Had it not been for the fact that the last four games on the schedule had to be cancelled, it could be safely said that the basketball season was very successful. The cancellations were necessary due to the scarlet fever scare that came at that time. In the minds of those having the welfare of a community at heart it was thought best not to send out the players as long as this city was threatened by an epidemic.

Coach Muir quickly made known the fact that he could develop basketball material. It took but a few games to demonstrate this fact. Several men from last year, among them Captain Olson, Kujala, and Snow, aided greatly in producing a team. Other material for the squad soon presented itself on the floor, and these new men were eager to make a place on the squad. After the first few games Univitch and Pete Ball became regulars. Univitch played forward with Snow, while Ball worked in the center position following the tip-off. Stevenson was another new man that was on the floor several times during the year. Westlake proved to be one of the sensations, in fact he also soon became a regular, nosing Kujala out for the guard berth as Olson's teammate. Kellar was another man that worked in several of the battles.

The season opened before the Thanksgiving holidays with a game on the home floor, Elmhurst going down in defeat by a score of 26 to 4. Soon after the holidays were over Aurora college came here to give the teachers a little practice for the Augustana game. Aurora was defeated, 57 to 7. Then came the first defeat for the teachers; the Augustana College warriors went back to Rock Island with a hard-earned victory, 34 to 25. They can play good basketball, and they needed all their skill to beat N. I. The next battle, with Wheaton, here, was also a defeat for the teachers, 24 to 21. It should not have been such, as our team out-classed and out-played the visitors. Too much confidence on the part of our team lost the game. The following evening Captain Olson and his men beat Mt. Morris 30 to 27, at Mt. Morris. Wartburg College of Clinton, Iowa, was the next to be defeated by the Teachers, 40 to 9. Then came Northwestern, 32 to 23. Monmouth swallowed a bitter defeat here in the next battle, 23 to 11. This game was one of the outstanding battles of the year, and greatly helped the spirit of the squad. The big game came a few days later, when the University of Detroit arrived and won 17 to 14. The game was not a victory in so far as scores were concerned, but it was a great credit to the team and the school. The surprise game came next: Mt. Morris trimming us 27 to 18, in a manner that was shameful! Wheaton next defeated us, 20 to 13.

Here the season ended abruptly, although the schedule contained four more games, including battles with Monmouth, Augustana, Northwestern, and Wartburg. The illness of two of the leading players coupled with the scarlet fever scare brought the season to its untimely close. We think of the past season as a successful one, but with such material as we have in sight for next year we look to the future for even a more successful one.



Baseball 1923

Due to the fact that the Norther goes to press before the 1924 baseball season gets under way it is a difficult problem to write about it, much more to forecast the results. All that can be said is that Coach Muir will have to develop a nine that will contain much new material as only three men of last year's squad, Snow, Kujala, and Keefe, are returning.

Paul Harrison, "Lefty", coached the baseball team last year and developed a squad that ranked high among the smaller colleges. Harrison had several players from the team the year before; among them were Snow, Campbell, McCabe, Corrigan, Stegmeir, Keefe, and Prince. Mizel and Oberg were new men on the squad.

N. I. defeated Mt. Morris in the first game of the season by a score of 6 to 2. The next game was one of the most interesting of the season, taking place in Chicago with Armour Institute. Armour showed every indication of scoring heavily on N. I. At the close of the fifth inning Armour led, 9 to 4. In the sixth, Campbell and his teammates secured six runs making the score 10 to 9 in our favor. Armour finally won the game by securing two runs in the eighth inning. The following game was at Naperville where N. I. earned a 7 to 6 victory. Lombard, the next on the schedule, defeated our team by a 13 to 8 score. Wheaton was defeated twice, once here, 6 to 4, and the other time at Wheaton, 8 to 1. The game here was one of the most exciting battles on the home field showing to best advantage the mettle of our nine. The last game of the season took place at Whitewater and resulted in a bitter defeat for N. I. who, the year before had secured a no-hit, no-run victory. When the game was called the score was 4 to 2 in favor of Whitewater.

The season as a whole was by no means a failure. When the schedule had been completed, N. I. could point with pride to a total score of 47 points set over against the 42 made by the opponents.

Track

In years to come the Norther will devote many pages of its athletic department to track if plans that are now being made are carried out. Since this issue of the Norther must be in the hands of the printers before the track season opens, little space can be given to this phase of athletics this year.

Coach Muir, in his work in other educational institutions, was greatly interested in track, and this spring finds him carrying out his plans at our college. Three track meets will be held here during the month of May.

The first event, an invitation high school track meet, is being planned for the third of May. Invitations have been sent to every high school within a radius of fifty miles to participate in this event. The DeKalb Chamber of Commerce has signified its intention of aiding the work by offering to donate the prizes which are to be given away. Meets of this nature are held in every section of the state, and there is no reason why the program should not be carried out in this section of the state by N. I. As several of the high schools have already asked to participate, the meet is practically insured. Next year should find this program one of the outstanding features of the spring athletic calendar.

On May ninth a dual meet will be held between the Chicago Y.M.C.A. College and the Teachers College. Since Chicago "Y" is accredited with having good track teams, the work should be an interesting part of the season's program.

The final event will take place on May seventeenth. A quadrangular meet featuring Mt. Morris, Northwestern, Wheaton, and the Teachers College. Northwestern has participated in track meets for several years, and for that reason will have an advantage over the other participants.

During last fall and this spring much time has been spent in rebuilding the college track. The result is that the school has a good track and field for putting on all of the events that take place in an accredited track meet.

Athletic Prospects 1924-25

Members of this year's graduating class will no doubt be greatly interested in knowing what the prospects are for the coming season. It is hard to say what the standing of the various teams will be at the close of the next athletic season, but it is possible to give an outline of what may take place.

In football, the first on the calendar, the results should be much better than they were this year. The schedule is already in the process of formation, and the games are being arranged so that the strong opponents will have to wait until the latter part of the season to meet N. I. "Pete" Ball will be captain of the football squad, an announcement that means much to the success of the team. "Pete" is one of the ablest players on the squad and will make a captain that will truly lead his team. Other members of the 1923 squad who intend to return are Warner, Univitch, Kellar, Conahan, Keefe, Chapplelear, Patterson, Rich, Stevenson, and Westlake. These men together with the new men coming in ought surely to produce a winning team.

In basketball Coach Muir will fare with equal success. Several of this season's players are returning; among them are Ball, Univitch, Stevenson, and Westlake. These four players should be of especial value to the team because of this year's experience.

It is impossible to make a forecast relative to the baseball or track season. If the track events of this year are successful, it is certain that next year will find this field one of the outstanding features of the schedule. A good baseball or track team always helps to advertise the school in the right way.

Camp

With the opening of the football season we found a majority of the members of the team or rather applicants for membership, at the training camp at Lake Geneva. There the squad with much hard work and healthy eating, was gradually transformed into a football team.

Hard work? Not only hard work, but work that was sometimes disagreeable. When the sun was under a gray cloud, and the cold wind, sweeping across the gray waters, struck where the water had been and "ain't", the sensation was far from pleasant and became less so with each hour until at the end of the morning the fellows felt that they had earned a week of dinners. However, when the eats were put before them, they heartily enjoyed the food, especially Keefe and Snow who consumed enough to feed the whole team for a week. Righteously, they should! For did they not work the hardest and spend the entire morning dragging up stones from the very depths of the cold, gray waters, and with the persistence and courage of good football men, breast the cold wind that sought to chill them through? They did not. Standing in water clear above their ankles, almost to the tops of their shoes, they objected strenuously to anybody's splashing water upon them but delighted in seeing some one else get wet. The rest of the squad did their work and earned the feed they received.

Every morning before breakfast the more ambitious crawled out of bed and enjoyed a good bracing swim. MacFarland, Keefe, and Embree were always up at five o'clock so that they might enjoy swimming (?) unmolested. The reason that nobody saw them in swimming was that they went back to bed while the other *did* go swimming. "Pete" Ball, a new member of the squad, captured the diving championship. His only competitor was Conahan who dove once and had difficulty in reaching shore; so he withdrew from the contest.

All in all the trip proved a great success. What is a little cold and sunburn when good friends get together and spend a profitable week? The spirit of cooperation is awakened and friendships are made, and these are assets to any good football team.

Donald Snow.



A Mid-Winter Night's Dream

Shryock and Felmley, Lord, and Brown,
 Presidents of Normal Schools up state and down,
 Were bumming in a box car escapin' a detection,
 Playing o' a poker game with lack o' perfection,
 A-sweatin' an' a-squirmin' an' tearing o' their hair,
 Till J. Stanley Brown changed the subject for fair.
 "D'ja know," quoth he, "there's one thing's perplexes,
 An' that's what to have for those blamed General Ex's.
 Now it's up to us to race down the hall,
 Grab some professor, bump his head agin the wall,
 An han' him a line an' call his bluff,
 An make him get up and do his stuff."
 Lord then says, "We need a schedule o' precision,
 What wouldn't be a needin' of a single revision."
 Shryock says, putting matches in the pot,
 "Guess we've all the same trouble, like as not."
 "That 'pears to show," said Dr. Felmley, risin',
 "That we need a new plan an' it's not to me surprisin'.
 'Sposin' we let these smart young folks
 Plan them programs, and git some jokes
 An' speeches an' sech, that'll please this mob.
 Believe me, fellers—now that's some job!"
 Brown took his pencil to jot down the notes,
 The three other prexies, then cleared their throats.
 Just right here there came a break—
 —The ringin' o' a bell that made me wake.
 Ya see this jingle didn't really happen,
 But came to me, as I was nappin'.

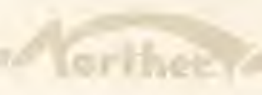
Gertrude Whitver.
 Caryl Meisenheimer

Women's Athletics

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Physical Education has become so much a part of the student world that it is now regarded as an essential addition in the field of Education. Consequently, and because of growing interest in this phase of Education, the introduction of corrective work has been made possible for the first time in this department. By means of this work together with Formal Gymnastics, Dancing, Swimming, and the various sports, each student may develop health through Recreation and Constructive Physical Education.

ANNE L. MUSE.



Hiking

You may think hiking is fun; I do,
But many people will not agree with you.
Up in the morning before the sun rises
They're out on the Highway, girls of all sizes.
Or on some Saturday afternoon
They "march" by the thrill of a merry tune.
Jolly and frisky, peppy and free,
They hurry to end their long journey.
It does not take long before you hear
Some faint little murmur about your ear:
"Oh, would that this were already the end.
My back is so sore, I can hardly bend!"
And when they get just two miles from the dorm
They wish they had ne'er started out that morn.
They are tempted to ride, but no points they'll make;
So they vouch they'll hike back, if their bones *do* break.
They plod along; their feet get so "buzzy";
Their muscles are tight, and their eyelids grow drowsy.
They are just about giving up in despair
When they spy the tall smokestack high in the air.
At last they are back! Oh what a sensation!
They are happy; they've returned to their destination.
They drag home like horses when a day's work is done.
But are frisky and eager when the next hike's begun.

Florence M. Toepel.



Baseball

Last spring the athletic lovers of N. I. S. T. C. witnessed a hard struggle between the junior and senior baseball teams. The juniors had already been victorious in both the hockey and basketball tournaments, and they were thus inspired to win the laurels in the final tournament of the year—Baseball. Every night for a week the teams scrambled down through the bushes eager to swing the bat and throw the ball. As the games were played, the seniors, hearts full of enthusiasm, were keen for their last opportunity to win a victory in N. I. S. T. C. Likewise the juniors, full of as much vim, were confident of keeping up their victorious record, and of winning still another tournament. The games were played and with what result? Let the score tell. Seniors 13; Juniors 11.

Marion A. Worden.



Hockey

The green field south of the old fashioned garden was this fall the scene of two hard-fought battles. Who were the belligerents? None other than the Juniors and Seniors. Why were they fighting; are we not a peace-loving people? Just this—each was out to settle the question: who will win the hockey tournament this year, Juniors or Seniors?

The first game was staged November 15 on a wet field. Red caps, red ties, shin-guards et cetera were much in evidence among the Juniors. They also showed a peppy determination to win. The Seniors came forth with shin-guards (which, by the way, must be mentioned because they are one of the new improvements) and a little less pep than the Juniors. They were thinking of the years past and how the Seniors had never won the tournament. Few spectators witnessed this game which resulted in a three to nothing score in the Seniors' favor.

November 19 found the Seniors with a little more pep and a few more out to witness the game. This second game was a repetition of the first (the wetness of the field included). The final score was four to nothing in favor of the Seniors.

What changes can be wrought! The Seniors of '24 had won the tournament, and in doing so had broken the spell which had existed over hockey tournaments. Rah for the Juniors! Rah for the Seniors! and Rah for girls' athletics at N. I.!

Helen E. Riggs.



A score of brilliant sweaters—
Crimson, yellow, blue and white;
Laughter echoed from the towers gray;
A clash of hard swung hickories,
A grass-stained ball in flight—
The hockey girls engaged in fierce affray!

Marian Wilson

The Hockey Chronicle

Triumphant for the first time in history.
The history of Women's Athletics—
The Senior Girls of '24 in N. I. S. T. C.
Captured the championship in hockey.
Little did they think as they played,
That they should be the ones
To ignore the law of precedence
And not let the Juniors win—
Then on the day of the first game,
With no howling crowd on the sidelines—
The Seniors watched, plotted, and followed,
While the Juniors, with football signals
Forgot all else in using them.
And lost the game—
At once the realm of vision opened
Arousing the ruined hopes of the Seniors
With thoughts of a final victory—
Only one more game to win
And success would be theirs.
When the next scheduled game was played,
With hopes and good faith of perseverance
The Seniors raised the score to 5-1.
And thus proclaimed themselves
Owners of the Wild Olive Wreath—
Mocking the Senior teams,
Who had lost before them.

Tennis

Every year sees tennis more and more popular at N. I. S. T. C. Ever increasing crowds are thronging to the courts, until it has become a problem as to how they may be accommodated. The situation was well handled last year by the provision of a schedule in Miss Bond's office, whereby those who wished to play could sign up for certain periods during the day. Thus considerable confusion was eliminated. The Tennis Association formed last year also awakened interest in the game, and many players entered in the tournament staged here. Talcott and Langlois represented us at Naperville, where a tournament between De Kalb, Lake Forest, Naperville and Wheaton was played. Tennis was hindered to a great extent because of the shortness of the season, which is at most scarcely two months—too short a time for a player to get into form; and because of the generally poor condition of the courts. Both these troubles would be greatly helped if we had asphalt courts. These can be kept up much more easily, and dry so much faster that many days could be added to the tennis season. We know that you tennis fans are turning out in full force and enjoying the game; but let's also do some plugging for real courts so that tennis at our school will grow bigger than ever before.

HE CHASED IT

The game was raging furiously. 'Twas the first time she had played.
The ball came bounding down the court. She swung, it soared, it strayed,
And—he chased it.

She served, the first ball struck the net. The next ball good? Nonsense.
He managed to return it; then—she knocked it o'er the fence,
And—he chased it.

“Oh, would that she might miss,” he growled, “if this keeps up I'll die.”
Another swing, another serve, the ball went sailing high,
And—he chased it.

Too late he saw that tennis to this maid he'd never teach.
Cruel youth! next time he placed it, as he thought, beyond her reach,
But—he chased it.

Her racket flashed, she laughed with glee and cried, “What glorious fun!”
For little did she realize that she had him on the run,
As—he chased it.

And thus they played—through three long sets with balls he was accosted,
And each one bounded high and far, until he fell, exhausted,
Because—he chased it.

Raymond L. Krueger.



Girls' Basketball

“Well, if you want to see *real* basketball, come in and see the girls play some night.” So they argued—He and She. And because he didn’t want her always to have the last word, and because he was a little curious, and because of other reasons, too, he did go in to watch a game in the color tournament and then—he went again. As dealers in Stocks, Bonds and Good Sense, we suggest that the kind reader if ever in search of high class diversion, come to old N. I. of an afternoon in February and there behold sights worth the entrance fee of two pins.



This year the stupendous number of one hundred and forty of N. I.'s select young ladies entered the color tournament which began immediately after the opening of the winter quarter. There were eleven teams—name all the colors you used to mix with water colors in the sixth grade, and you will have the appellations of the different teams. The battles waged “fearse, hot and hev’y”, but the most tragic defeat was when most of the Blue girls put on their gym suits and had to forfeit the game to the Whites because five of their ranks were missing. The Blacks took first, the Whites carried off second, and the Yellows third.

The Senior-Junior games were played the first and second weeks in March, immediately after the grand vacation. Of course, since the Seniors this year were Juniors last year, they won the tournament two games out of three. Excellent spirit was displayed throughout and “a fine time was had by all”.

Helen Lawton.

Heard Over the Radio at 4:30 A. M. from Station N. I. S. T. C.

Brrr-r-r. Brr--r--r-r.

A creaking of a bed.

A swish, swish.

A thud.

A bang, as if a window were closed.

Then a pleasant voice saying "Goodness, gracious, five minutes to five and Helen said she'd call for me at five."

Then a very sleepy voice saying, "What on earth are you doing up at this unearthly hour?"

A pleasing voice answered, "Why, are you awake?" "Oh, Helen and I are going for a short hike before breakfast. Here she comes now. Better go to sleep, Bye Bye."

A long silent interval.

A banging of a door.

Then the pleasant voice bursting out.

"Good morning, roomie. Oh, I feel so good. It's just perfectly marvelous out. We hiked six miles. That's three points nearer my sweater. There goes the breakfast bell. Hurry, I am starved."

A long silent interval again.

Then the other voice said, "Hurry, come quick. See what the mailman left for me. Isn't it a large box? Oh, look! Isn't this a delicious looking cake? Just take a peek at that scrumptious fudge. MMmmm-m-m. Where is a knife so I can cut the cake?"

"Oh dear me—I almost forgot—health rules—shall I break them? No, I can't. I need the twenty points, but oh, how I would like to. I guess I better drink another glass of water. Twelve glasses is an awful number."

"I'll keep some cake for you for lunch alright. My, how you swing that broom. You ought to get forty points for that."

"I wish I would. I need them badly enough. Oh how I hope I shall make the basketball team."

"You will, I am sure. Then you will have almost four hundred points, wont you?"

"Almost, but I hope to pass some of the swimming tests next week, and then perhaps I might be able to make my sweater this term."

"Come here quick, look at Harriet shoveling snow. She ought to get points for that alright."

"Do you want to walk downtown with me? I have to get several things."

"Alright, lets go right away because its almost lunch time. Just a minute until I drink one more glass of water."

Judith Gustafson.

Swimming

Bubble bubble, blub blub,
Ah! the joys of swimming.
Splash! the brimming depths arise
Filling eyes; the spray flies—
Swiftly the pool with a gulp
I surround—a spongy pulp
Floating through the water.

Mildred Zeigler.



The May Fete

IT is very still upon the green. A breeze ruffles the bosom of the lake, a gay wisp of a white cloud flecks the blue sky and smiles at its reflection in the clear water. Ever and anon a bird twitters in the branches or calls clearly to its mate, darting forward with a flutter of dainty wings, only to disappear again within its leafy covert.

There comes a maiden here, most radiant in her youth and beauty. It is she who is crowned this day the Queen of the May. In her wake there appear myriads of flowers, rainbow colored. Unto her throne she ascends with grace and dignity, and surrounded by her fair attendants she watches over her Enchanted Garden, half in expectation, half in wonder. The flowers are asleep before her with their heads drooped dreamily. Near the margin of the Lake is the Magic Gate guarded sleepily by the queer figures of the Magpie and the Plaster Rabbit. All is peaceful, quiet, and still.



Suddenly there comes a burst of color, a dancing flame of light, and the Spirit of Enchantment whirls madly into the garden. The flowers awaken and lift up their heads, rejoicing. The Magpie and the Plaster Rabbit rub their eyes, then jump awake in glee. The Magic Gate opens, and through its shining portals comes the Little Lane Prince, very small, very credulous, and very glad. Afar in the distance is the Fairy Godmother weaving her spell of wonder. Lured on by the Spirit of Enchantment the Little Lane Prince enters into the very heart of the Garden, dances with the Spirit, pursues it, follows it joyfully until it is lost to view. In a mad ecstasy of delight the Little Lane Prince dances with the Magpie and the Plaster Rabbit until his little head droops in weariness and he sits to rest with his companions.



Then a most wonderful thing happens. Before his very eyes the flowers dance, the butterflies flutter joyously. There are sounds of sweet music in the air. Colors dazzle him, happiness delights him, life enraptures him. There is a dance of the Maypole, and even the Magic Gate joins in the frolic, retreating, advancing, ecstatic with the joy of life.

There is a hush. The Spirit of Darkness enters,—flitting,—flitting to and fro in the Enchanted Garden. The flowers droop, the butterflies nestle down and become still. The Magpie yawns and the Plaster Rabbit sighs dreamily. Tenderly the Spirit of Darkness escorts the Little Lamé Prince through the portals of the Magic Gate and out again into the wide, wide world.

Then all is still.

LUCILLE F. TURNER.

Aesthetic Dancing

Why is it that every girl who enters N. I. S. T. C. is tempted to join the aesthetic dancing class? What is the reason that she is willing to go through squirming exercises on the bare, hard floor, once a week under Miss Bond's direction? Does she think that she will be a wonderful dancer some day? Shall we observe what she can do after her few weeks of training? Is the W. A. A. Vod-Vil not a culmination and fair example of what a short period of practicing will do? And how does aesthetic dancing help the vaudeville? Are there not too many ways to enumerate? Could we have an entertainment of that type without it? Why is it that the girls are willing to practice night after night for their dances? Isn't it the love of perfecting something that they have begun? What is it that gives even those who are sailor lads or wooden soldiers, their poise and grace? Is there more than one answer? Why does the audience sit entranced during a simple dance given by one or more girls? Do the dancers not seem to enjoy themselves immensely as they flit about in their fairy-like costumes? Do they not appear to be playing a game for their own amusement? Is not dancing the natural way of expressing youth's beauty and happiness? Isn't it because the onlookers realize all this and more, too, that they enjoy even amateur entertainments of this sort? What shall we say then, is the reason for aesthetic dancing? Shall we not sum it up by saying that it is the human love of art and of the beautiful? Is it not one of the finer things of life that we should strive to further?

Laura Coolidge.

Our Faculty

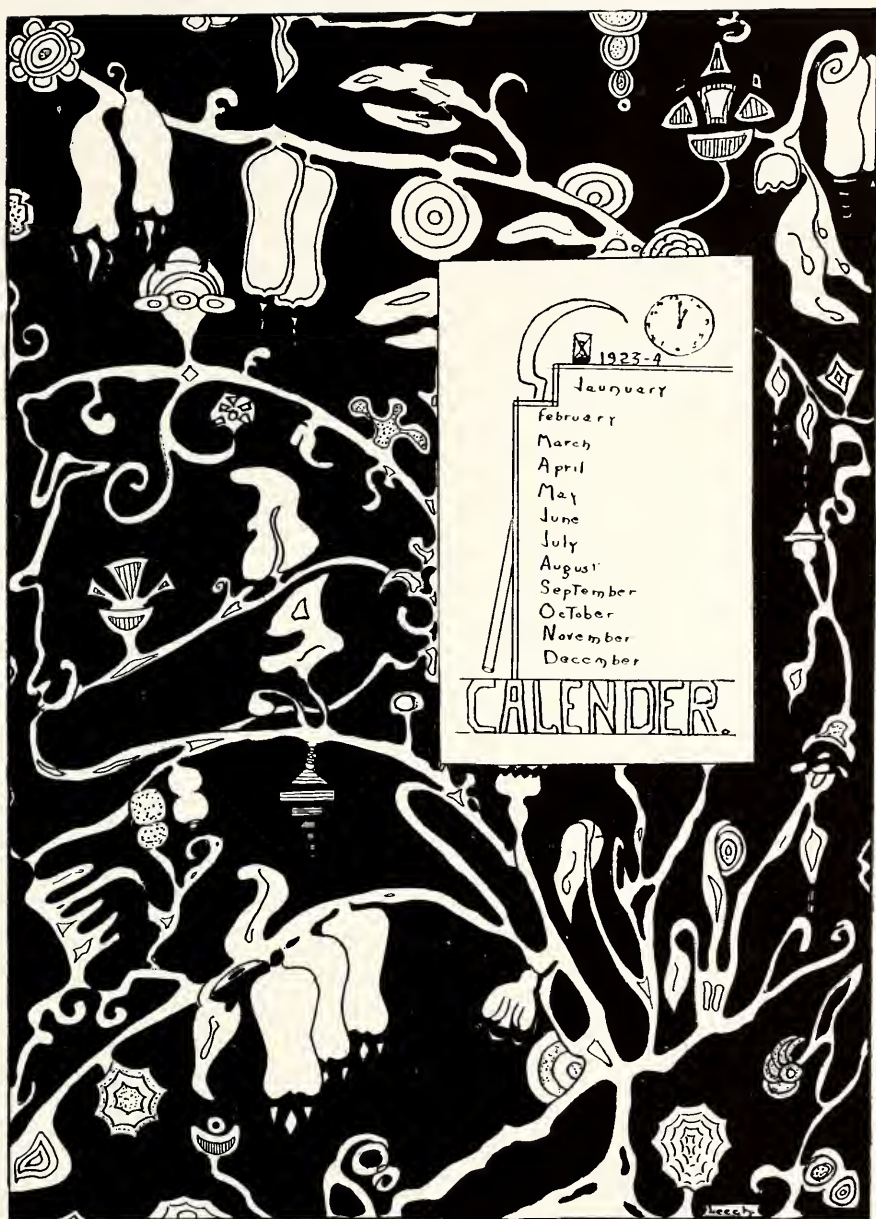
There is a group of people
Well known to you and me
Whom we do not appreciate—
And that's the faculty.
We think because they scold us
And tell us "That's not right,"
That they just have it in for us
Or that they like to fight,
When really they are sorry
As much and more than we;
For they don't want to think that they
Must scold continually.
They have to get up early
And hurry off to work
To see that all within the halls
Do study and don't shirk.
All day they have to listen
To errors great and small;
And then go home to look o'er tests
That are not right at all.
I'm sure if we were in their place
For just a little while,
We'd wonder how they can be gay
And why they *ever* smile.

Harvey Pierson.

Plane Geometry

A teacher I aspire to be,
But oh, that Plane Geometry!
I eat, and sleep, and talk the stuff,
But still the "Prof" says "'taint enuff".
But I a teacher won't be made
To teach the children in first grade,
Until my brain is forced to see
That dashed Plane Geometry.

Marian Keagle.

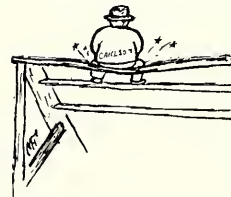


SEPTEMBER

- 7—Advance press notices as to the opening of our grand and glorious institution. Already the football prospects have caused a near civil war in the ranks of newspaper men throughout the Little Nineteen conference.
- 10—The day of days. Dean Gilbert does not seem to lose in popularity year after year. It must be nice to have so many girls asking one's advice, but the Dean says it really does become rather tiresome after eight continuous hours of it.

Dr. Brown is reported to have received 576 calls today; this number does not include the four visits paid by Philmore Iskowich.
- 11—Miss Curtis is squint-eyed today from gazing at the sun through a smoked glass. Her father is in Mexico taking pictures of the eclipse. One would think there were enough shining lights in the Curtis family to take pictures of, without resorting to the sun.

Miss Merritt and Miss Draser arrive in Chicago with packing cases and band boxes loaded with spoil from Europe.
- 12—The first article is reported lost. Some student, away from home for the first time, mislaid her pocketbook. No. The police force was foiled in its attempt to recover the stolen property—he found the task too strenuous with so many strangers in town.
- 14—Sloan's liniment was out with all its strength tonight, after the first regular practice on the gridiron. Some of the sheiks are contemplating having their hair cut. Staycomb does taste bad when the hair dangles in one's mouth during practice.
- 15—The regular old thrashing match is held in the auditorium this morning. Our staid friend, Byron Snow, is chosen to shove the Senior Class through the regular school year. More power to "By." He surely will need it.
- 17—Rumors of a red head league are being heard in the corridors of our institution. When auburn-haired damsel meets Titian red youth, "Hello Red" is the greeting. What, and why? Sherlock, we need thee!
- 19—Teachers' College claims its first victim this morning. Claude Currens succumbs to the spell of the institution, and is removed to his home in the country in a sound sleep, from which he could not be awakened.
- 20—Everyone agog over the football game of next Saturday, and the perfectly handsome young man that sits next to me in Lit. "Oh, he combs his hair in the most becoming manner, and his eyes—" What would these girls talk about if there were no men?
- 22—Rah for the Teachers. Elmhurst bites the dust for the first victory of the football season. Score is only 40 to 0. Harrison's stadium supports the combined weight of our Mr. Fred Carlson and Ruth Worthington. Another Rock of Ages.
- 25—First signs of permanent engagements are beginning to appear with the disappearance of last summer's permanent wave. Is it Jack or the Packard that Papehausen likes? And Stan Peterson— isn't there some nice girl that he can find for his companion?
- 27—Coaches Bortz and Ryan of the Training School report unrivaled progress among their football stars. A full schedule has been arranged for the season. Under the leadership of these men the team ought to fight.



OCTOBER



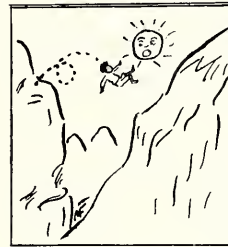
- 2—Freak costumes are beginning to make their appearances. Leather vests, lumberjacks shirts. Some people must delight in inflicting startling modes of dress on this defenseless town.
- 4—Calls for the hockey teams have been issued. It is reported that heavier clubs have been purchased for use during the present season, and several feuds of long standing are expected to be settled with the aid of the curved sticks.
- 7—Dean Gilbert warns us about the noise in the corridors. Strange, in a school like ours, we can make all the noise necessary during school hours in the corridor, but at a game there never was a more dignified group of students assembled.
- 10—We are more than compensated for the weeks we have spent listening without protest as moans and groans and various and sundry other emanations from the human larynx have floated down to our ears from the third floor. The Melodie Klub, with megaphones, makes its first appearance.
- 11—First public appearance of the Red Head League. Mr. Lyon: see September 17th for dramatic foreshadowing. Initiations on the main street.
- 12—There is joy in more than one lonely heart tonight. Taxis working overtime. Lincoln Inn crowded. Rooming houses holding more than loaded capacity will allow. Today is Homecoming.
- 13—Wonderful parade in a perfectly wonderful downpour of rain. Strange we always have rain whenever there is to be a Homecoming event at our school.
- We tie Old Normal for the second successive year.
- 15—Directories issued by the publishing magnates of the Teachers' College. Everyone seems to be calling the Dormitory now that the phone number has been published.
- 17—Miss Evelyn Merritt speaks on her European adventures. Our interest is aroused concerning the airplane journey from France to England. A meritorious talk.
- 20—Big splurge. The Seniors give their party. Everyone has a perfectly adorable time. Rather strange to see some of the new dates that were made.
- 22—An old graduate returns and talks to us from the platform. Emil G. Winstedt tells us a few things about Sweden which he observed while there this summer.
- 27—Witches and spooks and everything take part in Halloween party. Those who did not have a wonderful time at the affair must have been in a terribly hopeless condition, and should consult a doctor immediately. Note: This does not mean Doctor Brown.

Miss Draser speaks on Spain. Her lecture is illustrated with lantern slides. Some of the supposed gentlemen of the institution were afflicted with heavy feet when the time came to change the slide.

Winter is here in full force. Philmore has the robe over the radiator of his "mud tosser" this afternoon. The same evening Glenn Rand attempts to start a new style by strolling down Lincoln Highway attired in a straw hat and overcoat.

NOVEMBER

- 2—Members of the Junior Class give their party for the Seniors. If the other parties were good, this was better. Everybody has a good time except Cullen Keefe, who failed to receive his proportional share of the refreshments.
- 3—Kujala elected to lead the football team during the remainder of the season.
- 4—Hockey claims the eyes of all the girls at the present time. Annual tournaments between the various colored teams and Junior-Senior squads are causing more excitement than a pajama parade in Congress.
- 6—Girls have started their wild rush to hook some poor unsuspecting fellow for a date for the coming party at Williston Hall. Happy days. It surely must be wonderful to have several young ladies fighting about who is going to ask one.
- 9—Basketball practice for the boys has gradually swung under way. Coach Muir has not yet taken charge of the men, but some of the tall and energetic fellows have been tossing the ball for the past week.
- 11—Miss Draser, after a short introduction by Dr. Brown on gentlemanly conduct, gives the remainder of her lecture on Spain. We appreciate the comprehensive view that Miss Draser has given us of the countries she visited last year.
- 14—An appeal is made for our assistance in aiding the struggling Russian students. The response to the first call did not meet previous expectations.
A big dance at St. Mary's Hall in the evening drew the greater part of the student body from their studies. Chaperons were in evidence, but everyone seemed to enjoy himself.
- 16—Mr. Allen Tyler of the First National Bank gave the student body a very interesting talk on checks and the system that makes them a practical means of transacting business. We all know how to write checks now even if we don't have any money in the bank.
- 17—Everyone has a most glorious time at the Williston Hall Girls' Informal, even if the orchestra did arrive late, and some of the chaperons' programs were mislaid. How many dances did your girl save for you?
- 21—Marian Wilson tells us some of the pleasures and tribulations of mountain climbing as she experienced them last year during her vacation. The various acrobatic feats she gave evidence of having performed caused no little comment, and we understand that Miss Wilson is in receipt of a flattering offer from Messrs. Barley and Bayrum to appear under their banners during the coming summer.
- 22—We don't believe it, but somebody told us that George Ryan got a hair cut last Friday, so as to look nice on the weak end.
- 26—Professor Page spills the beans! We had filled out our grade slips so carefully, too, and they had been collected in so careful and painstaking a manner. Really the faculty should pass a law prohibiting those envelopes falling to the floor hereafter. No wonder there is such a sudden drop in our grades.
- 30—Here endeth ye chronicles of ye Edward Raymond of Ye Chronicle, who leaveth our midst perforce; and here beginneth ye chronicles of ye Russell Gage, who yet remaineth with us.



DECEMBER

3—Winter quarter opens. July returns to the Snow-house. He should room in a hothouse or attend summer school.

6—Mr. Vaughan talks on "Girls." "The group on my left," as Dr. Brown persists in calling them, appear considerably interested. Great applause from that section.

7—At the Rickard, Bottlemey neglects to ask for both coffee and milk. Waitress astounded. Condition appears to be serious.

8—The Stunt Show! Messrs. Ryan and Peterson present a modern tragedy. Both obliged to die somewhat prematurely in order to allow a few minutes for the remainder of the program. A bit of styles and smiles. Ray Krueger says they should have charged more than a quarter—it was worth all of twenty-six cents.

10—"Your governor, my governor, our next governor" talks to us. His honor pays his respects to The Chicago Tribune. Hard roads and a half holiday.

Elmhurst is instructed in the fine art of basketball. We win, by golly, we win! 25 to 4. First game of the season.

11—Ernest Thompson Seton talks at the High School. Tells stories and howls like the little wolves. Needs a hair cut.

15—Professor Lyon and Mr. Higdon conduct a mutual admiration society, whereby we "get the goods" on both. Mr. Higdon, a missionary teacher in the Philippines, speaks at General Ex.—a special session, and worth it. If all missionaries were like that, happy would be the lot of the little cannibals.

18—Annual Christmas dinner at the Dorm. "Enticing odors.....voiceless sirens calling us to gastronomic ruin."—The Northern Illinois.

Olives and oratory. The faculty are invited, but pay dearly for their repast.

17—Prexy tells the faculty what's what! Hereafter, when not adorning the stools on the rostrum, they are to occupy the seats in the bald-headed row during General Ex.

19—Faculty properly subdued; occupy front seats as per instructions. Mr. Annas, in charge of General Ex., tells them to get out of the way. Virtue unrewarded.

Canned beans and sweet potatoes for Christmas cheer. "Jingle Bells."

Faculty present us with lollypops, pop corn balls, and a delightful Christmas pageant. We *knew* Mr. Harrison could make his mark on the stage. And Mr. Carlson—simply exquisite. Mon Dieu!

20—4:15 P. M.—A sigh of relief. Two sighs.

5:18 P. M.—Till we meet again. All roads lead to Home Sweet Home. See you later. Toot, toot!

21—What was left behind yesterday leaves today.

22—What is that in the cold, dark night,
That gleams with a radiant silv'ry light,
That spreads such cheer, that shines so bright?
It's our Christmas tree.

25—There *is* a Santa Claus! Every dark cloud has a silver lining. Candy, 'n nuts, 'n turkey (maybe), 'n "cran-berriez," 'n all the fixin's.

Merry Christmas!

26—Indigestion. Every silver cloud has a dark lining. Only five more days till January 2nd. Eat, drink, and be merry; for tomorrow we study.



JANUARY

- 1—Many New Year's resolutions made. Leap year. Cul-
len Keefe receives a proposal. Decides to think it
over. Mr. Wright is coralled in the foyer by one of
our fair damsels. Oh, *that* would be telling!
- 2—Many New Year's resolutions broken. Back to the old
grind. Keefe says it's all off—*she* thought it over,
too! Mr. Wright again cornered by aforementioned
fair damsel.
- 3—The "Tribune" makes its appearance in the library
after a prolonged absence due to Smallpox. Nursed
back to health by the Intelligence Committee. It is
the duty of the teacher to be educated. And people
must read the Gumps.
- 4—Youthful Bryans harangue the populace. Our dele-
gates to the Student Volunteer Convention report at
General Ex. "Patriotism is the thing which makes
one flea know that his dog is the best dog in the
world."
- 5—Thirty-two degrees below! Below what? Shorty
Gehant purchases ear muffs.
- 8—N. I. S. T. C. steam roller gets into action. Crushes
Aurora College. Final score: 58 to 7. Referee Furr
bites the dust—the downfall of authority. We see
Furr fly.
Aha! my dear Watson. The foul secret is exposed.
At last we discover the cause of the mysterious knock-
ing and pounding heard for some days past in the vi-
cinity of the gym. Our new bleachers, of course. Per-
fectly simple, my dear.
- 9—Miss Simonson introduces Walter Jenkins, an alumnus.
He sings for us, and he can *sing*. We'll say he can!
General Ex. improves.
- 11—According to "Red" Paddock, it was so cold today in
Mr. Whittaker's Sociology class that Gus Warner had
frost on his whiskers.
- 12—We lose our first basketball game. Augustana piles up
a lead in the first half, but the Teachers come back
and play them to a standstill in the second. Final
score: 34 to 25. A crowd of 700 sees the game.
- 13—Miss Shuey skis. 'Tis great sport if you don't weaken.
- 14—Miss Simonson talks in General Ex. about Ireland and
its legends. Oh, the charm of the Emerald Isle! We
notice that no one seems inclined to sleep today.
Two of our youthful faculty members cavort on the
pond. Mr. Carlson can skate, too, but the ice sags
dangerously—more's the pity—and begins to crack
wherever he goes. Mr. Wright, therefore, believing dis-
cretion the better part of valor, remains apart at a
respectful distance and there glides along at ease and
in perfect security.
- 15—One act tragedy at the Dorm.

Miss Florence Cole Presents

"THE GOBLINS 'LL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT"

Time: After "quiet hours."

Stage properties: A tray filled with "eats."

Scene: Outside of Proctor's room.

Synopsis: Tray drops to the floor. Cabbage salad
receives severe jolt. So does Florence.

Curtain



(NOTE: WE ONLY
PICTURE THOSE
GAMES THAT
WE SO NOBLY
WON, NOT THOSE
WE LOST)
HISTORY
REPEATS
ITSELF



AN APPRECIATION OF ART

16—Mr. Gould talks in General Ex. Says Mr. Gould: "If the students we get here are the *cream* of the high school graduates, heaven help those institutions that get the skimmed milk." But Mr. Gould is not at heart a pessimist; and we are always glad to listen to him.

Miss Wiswall, upon the conclusion of an announcement in General Ex., sits down abruptly and with emphasis.

17—A bunch of county superintendents give us the once over. Once is enough. They leave the same day.

18—We learn the cause of, and the necessity for the peculiar noises that have been gently wafted through the atmosphere for some days past. The Orchestra and the Melodie Klub entertain us today in assembly. Afterwards, the women are requested to remain and—unnecessary afterthought—the men are requested to leave.

Dr. Brown hints of dire consequences to those who flunk in all four subjects.

19—George Ryan is sure he didn't flunk in four subjects. He is taking only *three*.

24—Spark Plug appears in the foyer opposite the Auditorium. Remarkable, the interest some students do take in art!

25—The Cardinal and Black triumphs over Northwestern. Score: 38 to 27. Our basketball stock takes a rise.

27—What's this about F. W. Woolworth & Company's selling so much Beauty Clay?

30—Mr. Wright's Nineteenth Century Prose Class studies love letters, and secures thereby much valuable and needed inspiration and practical assistance. Evangeline Herbert decides the course is, after all, worth while. Whereby, Philmore Iskovich agrees.

31—The Red Head League claim that Dr. Brown is eligible for membership. But they have no way of proving the fact.

FEBRUARY

- 1—Today we have song. Mister Keefe leads the drum corps. Why some teachers go mad: Miss Brier in Types class says she likes the essay, "Evolution of a Gentlemen," "because it deals with things that we have more time to think about."
- 2—Now student enquires: "Who is this General X, they talk about so much?" De Kalb smothers Wartburg College, 40 to 9.
- 6—"A great many people are dead who have not been interred."—A. T. W. Four young gentlemen of the Norther board spend the evening at the Dorm.
- 8—Naughty, naughty, mustn't touch! For the exclusive benefit of our faculty members. Prexy announces that hereafter the Northern Illinois will be distributed following, and not preceding, the General Exercises.
State Teachers spank Monmouth. We win another conference game, 23 to 11.
- 9—Chester M. Sanford tells us what we are best fitted for to earn our daily bread. Some of us don't seem to be fitted.
- 12—Dean Hensel talks on Abraham Lincoln at a special assembly today.
With a team crippled because of sickness, N. I. loses a sensational game to Detroit University by a margin of four points.
- 13—Mr. Bortz experiences considerable difficulty because of the musical qualities of his chair in the library.
- 14—Walter Gehant purchases a new spring suit, manufactured, so we understand, by the Chicago Tent and Awning Company. The suit comes complete with two pairs of trousers; and Walter has just cause to be proud of the raiment.
Mr. Wright receives sixteen sentimental valentines, and is thereby well content. The day's mail also brings no little cheer to a certain geography instructor.
- 15—A Red Letter Day in General Ex. We "take great pleasure" in mentioning the entertainment afforded us by the Red Head League.
- 16—The Treble Clef dance. 'Nuff said.
- 18—Dr. Cigrand tells us that we are "the switchboard of coming America." Is that a compliment or another Teapot Dome scandal?
- 19—

Oh, what a thrill
In a spill
On a hill.

But "Pat" Burke and George Ryan had no business coasting together, anyway.
- 21—New stage hangings and curtains installed. The wooden guillotine or diving board (or whatever it was) is removed.
- 22—Miss Merritt talks on the life of Washington. The long awaited W. A. A. Vod-Vil—and well worth waiting for. Hornpipes and harlequins, hidden voices and hilarity, music, song, and dance. How shall we describe it? We sha'n't. It defies description.
Cullen Keefe is inspected and passed: decides to try it again on the chance of getting sent home before the finals.
- 20—The good trolley, Northber, fires its opening gun in the campaign for subscriptions. The ready response on the part of the students is gratifying to the staff.
- 29—Graduation exercises for the Winter Quarter. Spring vacation beginmeth. We go but to return.



MARCH

- 1—March comes in like a lamb.
- 9—So do we.
- 10—Six bones today! If it costs \$1.00 extra each succeeding term, what will the registration fee amount to in 1950?



- 11—Talk about the students wrecking an institution! We find it has been wrecked in our absence (at least a part of the stage in the auditorium).

We attend the "popular number" of our entertainment course.

- 12—Spring is on its way. Mr. Whittaker blossoms forth with poetry. Although he prefaced his readings with an apology for the varied feet in his verses, some of which he said were veritable centipedes and others suffering from bunions, we trust that Mr. Whittaker may be induced to offer us more of his "confession."
- 13—A case of dual identity disturbs the office. Two Johnsons from Sycamore—or are they Johnsons?

Mr. Parson tells us how our money has been spent, but neglects to mention how we can get some more.

- 14—It is a "rare pleasure" for Dr. Brown to inform the young ladies of this institution that the auditorium, especially during the general exercise period, is not to be used as a hair-dressing parlor. Great applause from "the group on my left."



- 17—The Melodie Klub sings. We learn from A. T. W. that a voice really is essential to a vocalist. Mr. Paine of the University of Chicago talks to the Geography Club.

- 18—Two "supes" here today—Maywood and Rock Falls. Our young ladies smile sweetly. Caroline Leckey's heart goes pit-a-pat. Walter Gehant turns down an offer for the superintendency of the Chicago city schools. Couldn't agree on salary. Walter was willing to Jew, but not to be Jewed.

- 19—Eighth hour History class makes important discovery. Page Mr. Darwin. Found at last: the missing link. It is the woman!

- 21—Day by day in every way our museum grows larger and larger. Mr. Page demonstrates the newest addition, a slave's shackle.

Mr. Hobart makes a bit with the hardest audience to please in seventeen states. He reads four selections, the first two being at the request of his "manager." Would that she might "manage" him to read some more. What was that he said about young Brown? Speak for yourself, John.

The Melodie Klub sings at Rochelle in its first out-of-town appearance. An unusually large number of Rochelle young ladies decide to enter this institution next fall.



- 20—Sprig has cub. Also another snowstorm.

- 25—Baseball training is under way, and the prospects look good. We should be able to beat anything from Yale to the International Correspondence School.

- 26—Coach Muir suffers great loss! He appeareth among us as a sheep from the fold, his raven locks shorn a la Hindenburg.

- 28—In the Auditorium today, much happens to Jones. For further details regarding just "What Happened to Jones," see Earl Norris.

Ye Melodians sing at Rock Falls.

APRIL

- 1—A—1 F—1. The 1924 Norther, an annual representing the most intelligent, scholarly, and handsome class in the history of the institution, goes to press. NOTE: Henceforth, kindly allow for a few "bad guesses" on the part of Ye Calendar Ed, whose chronicles for the next two months must unfortunately be an admixture of unintelligent surmise and prophetic vision.
- 4—Private Peat is greeted by an enthusiastic audience of students and townspeople. Terwilliger and Gage represent the local Y. M. C. A. at a two-day convention in Chicago.
- 5—"What Happened to Jones," the long-heralded Y. M. C. A. play, delights our ears and dazzles our orbs. Miss Curtis' young hopefuls "put it over with a bang."
- 7—Lost: One perfectly good education, between De Kalb and Sycamore. Finder, please return to "Red" Paddock.
- 8—Rain today, according to the calendar (not this one). So be it, then.
- 11—Proof that the talents of the Melodie Klub members are not limited to song. A jolly crowd has a jolly time at the Informal at the Dorm.
- 14—Philmore Iskovich today shakes this institution to its subterranean foundations by coming to class with his own pen and ink. His condition otherwise appeared quite normal. Note: He found it necessary, however, to borrow a sheet of paper.
- 17—First baseball game of the season. We show Armour what's what. Keefe knocks a home run, and is so excited that he circles the bases twice and demands two scores.
- 18—Matinee dance in the Gym. Y. W. pupils exhibit their skill. Shades of Andrew Jackson! How Walter Gehant does trip the light fantastic. And Elburno—he should be good for some trick steps.
- 19—Univitch plants an electric light bulb to see if it will grow an electric light plant.
- 22—Our baseball team again exhibits its prowess. A demonstration of the national pastime at De Paul University in Chicago.
- 23—N. I. S. T. C. again clashes with Armour. The fellows exhibit their wares in the windy city. Keefe falls on a slippery sidewalk. Sues city for injuries incurred. City reciprocates for damages done to municipal property.
- 25— The Juniors dance at Williston Hall;
 A mighty good time was had by all;
 The only trouble seemed to be
 That they couldn't keep dancing till half-past three.
- 30—April showers—

ADVANCE NOTICE

FINAL EXAMINATION TO BE TAKEN BY ALL CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION

Formulated, passed and approved by a committee of seven, consisting of one faculty member, three student Representatives, two janitors, and the night watchman.

QUESTIONS

1. In what year was the War of 1812 fought?
2. Who wrote Franklin's Autobiography?
3. Should the schoolroom be properly ventilated?
(Yes or No)
4. Answer *one*:
 - a. Discuss fully the Einstein theory of Relativity, *or*,
 - b. Cross out the wrong alternative words: (Christopher Columbus, Wm. J. Bryan, Geo. Ryan) discovered America in (1492, 1776, 1924).

NOTE: No candidate may receive his or her respective or respectful diploma or degree, who fails to pass in more than three out of the four questions.

INSTRUCTIONS: *Use pen and ink; write legibly; use one side of the paper only; make your answers brief and to the point; take all the time you need; don't be discouraged—maybe you will guess right; don't copy from your neighbor's paper—he might make a mistake.

*Philmore, please take notice.

MAY

- 1—bring May flowers.
- 3—The first annual high school track meet is held at the Teachers' College, and proves a big success.
- 6—The Cardinal and Black invades Mt. Morris. The Teachers bring home the bacon. See note April 1.
- 9—The track season opens with a dual meet.
- 10—The Y. M. C. A. College baseball team is ably assisted by the fighting Teachers in furnishing the afternoon's entertainment.
- 12—Milton College graces the local diamond.
- 14—Two weeks till final exams. Oh, death, where is thy sting? Eternal question in the mind of the college Senior: "To B. E., or not to B. E."
- 15—The Teachers play Wheaton. Who won? The winners. We're not good at guessing.
- 17—Another track meet. Four schools participate today.
- 20—The last game. Mt. Morris meets the Teachers.
- 23—The long-awaited Senior Dance becomes a reality. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very Heaven."
- 25—Baccalaureate services in the Auditorium. The beginning of the end.
- 26—The Day of Doom approaches. In the midst of strife and turmoil, the Treble Clef concert proves a delightful rest to our wearied brains.
- 27—The Shakespeare play defies description. W'at you call heem? Magneeficent! Would-be Sotherns and Marlowes vociferate vigorously, and declaim dreamily. I' faith, 'tis sublime. Where given: outdoors on the campus (if ye weather man smileth): otherwise 'twill be given in the "lovers' paradise."
- 28—Final exams. "But indeed man is and always was, a blockhead and dullard; much readier to feel and digest than to think and consider." The May Dance in the Gym helps us forget our troubles.
- 29—The day of days. Commencement in the Auditorium at 10 A. M. Proud Papas and Mamas crowd the halls of learning. The last Farewell.
- 30—All's well that ends well.

Preliminary Announcement of the

SUMMER QUARTER, 1924

Summary of New Courses Being Offered for the First (and Last) Time

HISTORY

- Course 367—Historical Background of the Rise and Fall of the Pacific Ocean. Laboratory work required: a voyage on the Kishwaukee. Prerequisites: Home Economics and Public Speaking.
Pilot: Marie Seaholm, S.O.S.
Deck Hand: Edward C. Page.

ENGLISH

- Course 99¾—Literary Depreciation of the Tragedies of Bill Shakespeare and Ring Lardner. Text: The Chicago Tribune.
Instructors: G. Ryan, D.Ph., J. Peterson, Ass't, C. L. Lyon, property man.

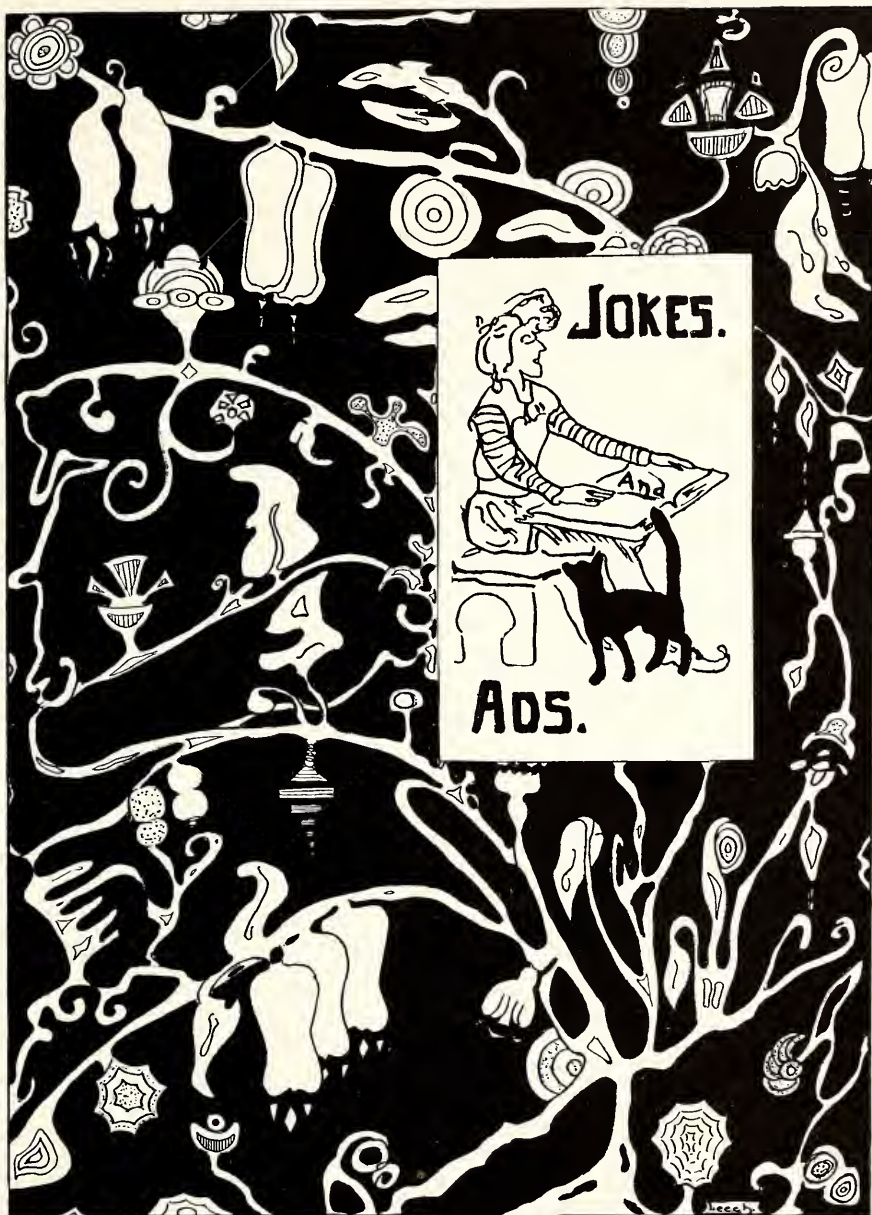
MUSIC

- Course 1492—Instruction on Mouth Organ, Victrola, and Jew's Harp. Prerequisites: Art Appreciation and Physical Education. Text: Sears Roebuck (1924 edition).
Destructors: J. Univitch, bachelor of musics; A. Neil Annas, professor of Odd jobs and piano tuner.

BIOLOGY

- Course 1776—Chemical Analysis and Anatomical Dissection of the Hot Dog. Required for Home Economics major. Class meets three times daily. Prerequisite: Solid Geometry. Laboratory fee reduced to ninety-eight cents (\$0.98) in order to popularize the course with the ladies.
Head Chef: Montgomery, Ward and Company.

NOTE: All correspondence relative to the Summer Session should be addressed to Jefferson Davis Calhoun, non-resident manager.



The STRANGE PRACTICE *of* KING RICHARD III

A Sidelight on Banking Disclosed By a
Chance Discovery

"The king can do no wrong," was the old saying, but King Richard must have caused many of his hosts and hostesses deep chagrin because he insisted upon taking his own bed on all his travels. Everywhere that Richard went the bed was sure to go.

One night he slept at the old Blue Boar Inn of Leicester—in his own bed, as was his custom. The next day he was killed in battle. The bed became the property of the inn. One hundred years later it was disclosed that the King's strange custom was no slur upon English hospitality, but a sad commentary upon 15th century banking.

While the innkeeper's wife was hastily making up the bed, several coins dropped on the floor; this led to the discovery of £300 in gold, a sum which now might be equivalent to about £5000, nearly \$24,000.00. The King's bed was his bank. * * * *

It is not necessary to hoard your money today, but it is not always easy to keep it safely and profitably invested. As safeguards have been developed so have traps multiplied to catch unwary dollars. Large profits beckon—and sometimes securities are bought and sold on information that should be taken with a grain of salt.

In soliciting your business, we offer ourselves not simply as a depository for your funds, but as a service giving institution, able and willing to co-operate with you on any of your financial problems.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
The First Trust and Savings Bank

DeKalb, Illinois.

T. C. Annual Fibune

Vol. I.

May 20, 1924

Copy 1

Pedagogues Short Scripts

BUSINESS

Dixon gang controls cosmetic market.

Helen Riggs states math. and dish washing don't mix; more suffrage trouble apparent.

FINANCE

O'Connor, Coretz, and Calhoun have not been apprehended, states Gilbert detective agency.

LOCAL

Seven slugs found in Lincoln Inn piano. Archie Johnson and Matteson quizzed by head of Rowe House.

Chuck Hunt visits employment agency. Reason not divulged.

Brown and Joe July admit profits were taken in Snow House dance.

FOREIGN

Political Boss, Elmer Kujala, expects trouble in tenth ward at coming election.

Bortz refused to deny his refusal to join Brown's International Peace Policy.

Ray Henaughan, T. C. diplomat, accepts portfolio of Secretary of Navy of Irish Free State.

MARKETS

Teachers' College stock takes sharp rise due to Small's nomination.

Silverman cuts melon. Dorm girls settle up for year is cause given.

(Continued Page 4, Col. 1)

T. C. TO HAVE NEW STADIUM

SENIOR'S DREAM OF THE FUTURE



T. C. Annual Fibune

The World's Truest Newspaper

Founded: Spring Vacation, 1924

Entered under protest of Faculty at N. I. S. T. C., De Kalb, Illinois.

EDITORS

George Ryan Julien Peterson

Subscription Rates: Gratis with NORTHER, otherwise the payment of ten dollars (\$10.) to the editors.

THE FIBUNE'S PLATFORM

- 1—Reduced Entrance Fees.
- 2—Salary for Practice Teaching.
- 3—Fewer Prohibition Lectures and More Jazz Orchestras.
- 4—Enjoyment of Lower Halls.

BULLETIN

So we took fifty thousand pictures of George Washington and bought Clyde Hobart a "Black Snake Whip."

THE WEATHER

It ain't go'en rain no more.

For years your college had felt the need of a Stadium. Our small field has long been over-crowded, and at the last home-coming thousands were unable to see the game because of poor seating accommodations.

After the game Dr. L. V. Sharp, '23, presented the college with a check for a new stadium amounting to \$75,000. "I think it only my duty," said the modest Dr. Sharp when interviewed by the Fibune reporter, "to give this sum to my Alma Mater. Gosh, didn't I get a lot of knowledge at T. C.?" Due credit must be given the Varsity Club, which in two months raised the additional \$25,000 by the sale of megaphones.

The giant stadium is to be called the **Brown Bowl**; not because of its size or color, but in honor of our present President. Dr. Brown addressed the crowd of 10,000 people at the laying of the corner stone, and ended his address by saying, "It's your stadium, and my stadium, and our next stadium."

Special
Blue Ribbon
Fiction
Page 289



Home
Edition
Special
Sport Sheet

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

SPORTS

Big grudge-fight on at Old Fashioned Gardens. "Stand Pat" Gilbert vs. "Skim Milk" Gould. Winner will receive "whip cream" of High School.

"Lefty" Harrison gets contract to build Brown Bowl.

ANNUAL CRAP GAME

Since Henry Prentice started school, several years ago, the boys who believe in Lady Luck; sojourn to the garden steps and seek entrance fees. This game always takes place on the first Monday of the beginning of September school year. The editors remember going broke in three of these annual games and as we are graduates we hope this game continues to be one of the greatest events of the school year.

COLUMBIA
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Everyone a high-grade Bicycle

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613 E. Lincoln Highway

Auto Electric Service

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Phone 94

DeKalb, Ill.

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Hart Shaffner & Marx Clothes

Stetson Hats

Walk-Over and Bostonian Shoes

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The Flower Store

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PAPER TOWEL SCANDAL ROCKS INSTITUTION

The payment of \$5,000 for paper towels brought forth the indictment of Dr. J. Stanley Brown and other T. C. faculty members. An immediate trial was asked for by the prosecuting attorney, Arthur Shoop. The court room was crowded as Dr. Brown took the stand.

Question by P. Att.: To whom did you give this check?

Answer: He was tall and smoked Bobby Burns. It was a rare pleasure to meet him.

Ques. Did the \$5,000 belong to the state or the Student Activities?

Ans. It was taken from the Library Fees.

Ques. Where were you the day Essington talked in De Kalb?

Ans. I refuse to answer.

Ques. When did the tall salesman call?

Ans. Just before dinner.

Ques. Why are you positive of the time?

Ans. Because he didn't invite me out to dinner.

At this point Dr. Brown was dismissed and Miss Wetzel was summoned.

Ques. Where were you on the night of March 15, 1923.

Ans. Why-er? I stay at the dorm.

Ques. Have you any idea where the towel contract is?

Ans. I think Dr. Brown used it to stop the telephone from ringing.

Ques. Did you see the towel salesman?

Ans. Yes, but he didn't look at me.

Ques. How long have you known Dr. Brown.

Ans. Sir, he doesn't call me by my first name.

At this point Miss Wetzel was dismissed. She posed for fourteen newspaper men. Chris, the janitor, was called to the stand.

Ques. Had you noticed any urgent necessity for the paper towels?

Ans. No! It makes more work for me. Besides they ordered the wrong kind and they didn't ask me about it.

Attorneys for the defendants protested, but were overruled by Judge Terwilliger.

Ques. Did you see the salesman?

Ans. Yes, Obie made him take off his rubbers at the door.

Ques. Have you ever noticed any wandering of the Doctor's mind?

Ans. Once, he spoke of raising my pay.

It was time for Gen. Ex. so court was adjourned.

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The Name that Guarantees Quality, Service, Price

We have built up a confidence among our old customers which to us is invaluable. To new ones we say: "Try us."

Personal Service by Mail or Telephone—530

When shopping in person is inconvenient, here's a special service to call upon. In its personnel are trained sales ladies thoroughly familiar with the splendid stocks of this popular store. Every mail or phone order is carefully filled to a successful conclusion. Test this service whenever you wish, it will prove, we are certain, very helpful and very satisfactory.

Miss Katharine Boardman is in charge of this service.



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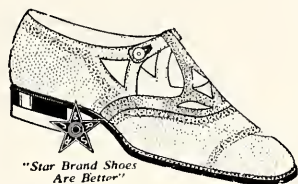
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Editorials

Suspicion has been termed the "Green-eyed Monster." We implore you, dear people, do not allow the monster to nestle with you as low marks associate with Psychology. Just because we are graduating, the mission of this paper is not to hand out unkind words of endearment, but to acquaint the readers with the humor that lies about our "Brown's Seventy Acres." Our paper contains nothing that would injure the feeling of the most fastidious person amongst our readers or those whom we have honored with personal epigrams. So do not seek to read what is not there and the writers at least will enjoy peace, happiness, and contentment. If you still have blood in your eye, the editors' addresses will be: The Argentine,

care of Jack Dempsey and "Bull" Firpo.

LAXITY OF STATE OFFICIALS

The young people of our college are in danger! The fact is brought before us by a terrible calamity which occurred at an Iowa College recently. Several students were burned seriously and many barely escaped death, due to the fact that no easy means of exit were available. That is what our College needs—a means of exit in the form of brass fire poles. The advantages of such exits are apparent when we note the stampede at dinner hour led by Keefe. They have been made a success at fire stations. Why can they not be made a success here?

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WE AIM TO PLEASE

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THE LINE OF LIKES

So This, So This Is T. C.

We rule ourselves the faculty,
The Doctor has long hair,
Our teams are the best in the whole
country,
Our life is without care.
We hissed Red Paddock off the stage,
We hate the R. H. L.
We're glad to leave the old T. C.
Likell! Likell! Likell!

THERE ONCE was a time when
the faculty got new spring suits, but
those were the days before political in-
vestigations.

R. H. L. Where are all these he-
men I've been reading about in your
Line? I've yet to see one at T. C.
Dumbell from the Dorm.

R. H. L. Ask Dumbell of the Dorm
this: What would a he-man be doing
at the Dorm? The Rickard Club has
the only he-man at T. C. I saw him
eat pie out of his hands and shake red
pepper into his black, unsweetened
coffee.

Ruth from the Rickard Club.

DOCTOR BROWN says that teach-
ers are in the "thinkers" class. That
covereth a multitude of crimes.

R. H. L. The dispute concerning
the description of Evangeline is ended.
This verse was written over Long-
fellow's typewritten signature:

Fair was she to behold, that maiden
of seventeen summers;
She stayed at the Dorm and the
sheiks all knew her number.
The Dorm Twins; Pure and Simple.

R. H. L. My bid for the six most
important words in the English lan-
guage are: **You are severed from the
institution.** All things stop when ut-
tered.

Duke o' the Snow House.

R. H. L. Why all this bunk about
the he-man, M. T. L. stuff. Less trash
and more literature.

Cabinet Member of
Robertson's "Y."

And that's that, 'till next year.

R. H. L.

THERE IS ONLY ONE REASON
FOR PREFERRING ONE PIANO
ABOVE ANOTHER AND THAT
IS THAT IT PRODUCES BETTER
MUSIC.

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With this as a basis there has been developed a group of instruments remarkable for distinctiveness and character, which should be considered carefully by anyone desiring a piano.

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Meats, Groceries, Vegetables
and Fruits

DROP IN

SOCIETY NEWS

SENIOR PROM

After perfuming her breath with French fried potatoes, to get the aristocratic aroma, our society reporter attended the Senior Prom. After watching "By" Snow serve red pop to the chaperones, the reporter came back to the office stating that no scandal of large enough magnitude was apparent to become noticed by our paper.

The Rickard Club, attired in soft, crepe of burlap, with sunflowered corsages to match, attended a slumming party at "Bill's Y." An important man about town noticed, was Don O'Brien sporting a new blue shirt.

The elite of society spent an interesting afternoon at Mah Jongg, at the Henry Prentice palatial country home on the banks of the Kishwaukee. A dainty luncheon of corn beef and cabbage was served. Leo Conahan poured.

Noted out of town guests were "Wally" Seaborg, of Fort Leavenworth, and Bessie Gustafson of Vassar Swiss.

Visitors at the city jail this week were R. Earl Norris, R. Stanley Peterson, and A. Trowbridge Wright.

Madam Comte Unavitch of Poland entertained her husband's friends over the week end at the Arlington hotel.

Lester Ball, Duke of Pigeon Hill, arrived with the noon whistle via the way freight. Dame rumor has it he is seeking an American bride and as he is one of the best "catches" of the season—well, enough said. His next visit on his "see America" trip is to Freeport.

Margaret Mullenbach, a T. C. debutante, had a coming out party at Miami, Florida. She is still out of college.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston Keefe, of Maple Park, announce the marriage of their son Cullen—we must stop because of lack of space.

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HAMS and BACON

Finest Quality

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DE KALB WAGON COMPANY

DE KALB, ILLINOIS

SPRINGS STYLES FOR MEN

Rural Wear:

The loose, unpresed overalls in solid blue or blue with white pencil stripes are very popular. The well dressed farmer this season will don white cotton gloves, blue shirt, and large coarse straw hat. Crossing the suspenders in the back is quite the rage amongst the hick Beau Brummels.

Business Attire:

The double breasted, soft, brown and gray suits are very numerous in the front rows of the Musical Comedies. The trousers will have two (2) legs each congruent to the other. Pockets, particularly those in the hip, will be larger and more noticeable.

Sport Togs:

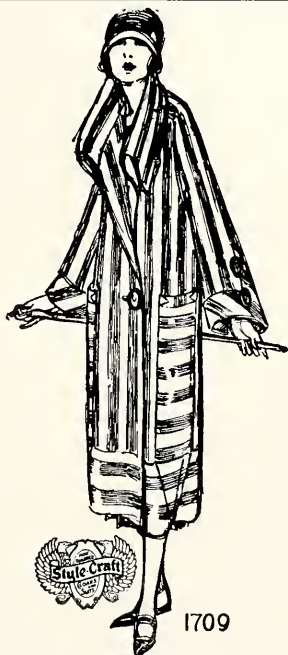
Procure a section boss's hat; a lumber-jack's shirt; a truck driver's pants; a dago's socks; and a farmer's shoes, and behold; our gentleman, beautiful is dressed like a he-man.

Formal Apparel:

Ask the man who owns one.

SPRING STYLES FOR WOMEN

"Shingled hair must go," declares President of the Tar Roofing Paper Association. Chester Moorman, back from barber's convention says, "Bunk. As long as I make Bull Durham money on a girl's hair, shingles will stay. However, "Short Skirts must come back," states Silk Hose Manufacturers. Red and Green will preside this year with purples as a side line. Dresses will be made from cloth, burlap, and mosquito netting being preferred to silks. They will be simple of line, but distinctly chic, because milady must and shall be frocked correctly. The straight-line slip-on frock holds first place, with hoop skirts with silk pantaloons taking a close second. Russian boots will not be worn when in bathing. The select sheba will wear aprons and dusting caps to all formal dances. Leap year, you know, girls.



SILVERMAN'S

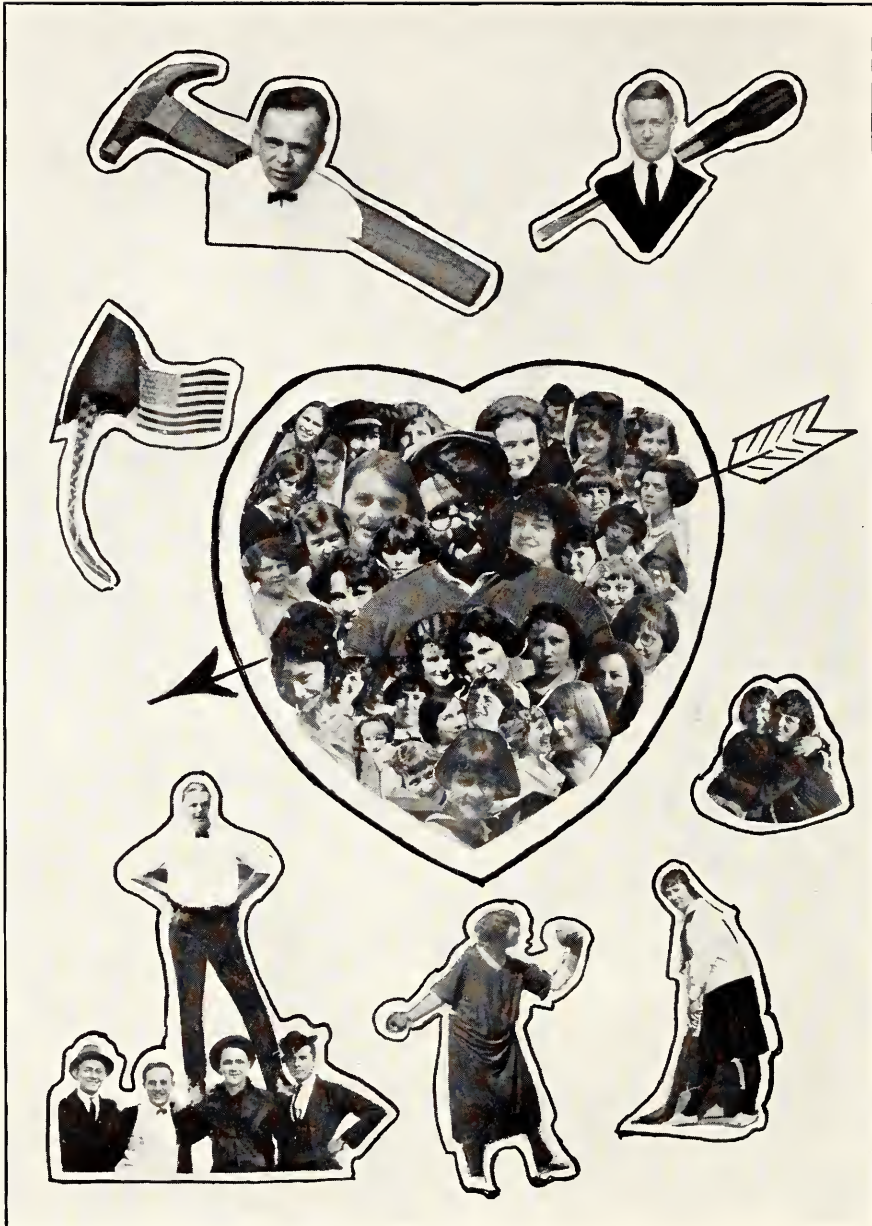
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Dry Goods, Ladies' Ready-to-Wear
Rugs and Linoleum

You will find here the season's best styles and quality merchandise displayed in pleasant surroundings and your requirements promptly cared for by sales people whose aim it is to make you feel at home, and who consider it a pleasure to show you merchandise. It is a store where Service, Quality, and Courtesy are always in evidence.

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Exclusive Styles



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No. 588, Black and all the new colors

\$1.00 pr.

No. 570, Pure Thread, Fashioned Stocking, Black and new colors

\$1.50 pr.

R. N. Leslie

The Inquiring Reporter

THE QUESTION

Should your college have weekly dances?

WHERE ASKED

Ann Graham—at the W. A. A. dancing class. Yes! I think our college should have weekly dances. Of course, personally, it is immaterial to me as I seldom go out much, but I do like to see young people enjoy themselves.

Jerry Stockton—at the Avalon: Sure, that's what the school needs. Not that I might personally profit by it, but for the general good of the student body.

Floyd Brett—at Butch Wennlund's: No, unconditionally no! There is by far too much revelry nights and naps during recitations. For myself, I never

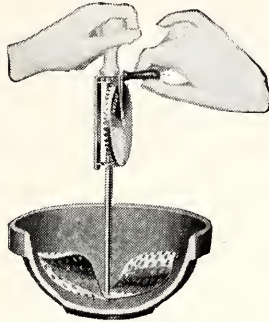
lower my dignity to notice such a deplorable form of entertainment and I see no need of tempting the weaker characters of our school.

Lucille Turner—at the Y. W. Room: If you wish my candid opinion—goodness, your not really going to put this in the Norther. Why? I haven't had time to think it over. It's all so sudden. Suppose you see me again.

The Night Watchman—in the Dorm Kitchen: Well, Chris says it will be a lot of work for him, but I think the poor souls should be allowed to have a dance every week. As it is, I have to get out of the kitchen about quarter to eleven to open up the front door for the girls that come in late. Of course, don't tell Mrs. Hensel, but this tall red headed boy that plays a saxophone is the worst offender.

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Handle securely riveted to Blade and cannot become loosened.
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We Recommend
Good Luck Oleomargarine
The Finest Spread for Bread

Dumbell Pome

Said Nero to his buddie: "I never flunked a study."

* *

Remember Way Back When:

The male members of the faculty
looked like the Smith Brothers?
Mrs. H.

* *

We attended the Northmen Supper.
Buzzard.

* *

A lantern hung in the girls' dressing
room.
A. G.

* *

Miss Jandell smiled on us in the
library.
C. H.

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Let Us Serve You*



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Neckwear and Umbrellas

Every line is complete and moderately priced

DRAMA AND MOVIES

DE KALB MOVIE ATTRACTIONS TODAY

De Kalb Treater—Annie Glidden in
"Little Old New York."

At the Princess—Joe July in "Little
Jessie James."

The Star—Ralph Chappalear in the
"Country Kid."

AT THE THEATRES

Haish Auditorium—Mr. Bill Gould
in "Bombo." Mr. Gould will appear in
person.

Finish Hall—Louie Fohr in "The
Old Soak."

A. S. Welfare Building—John Boyle
and Francis Papenhausen in "Give and
Take." A positive laugh feast.

High School Auditorium—Philmore
Iskovich and Pat Burke in "Abie's
Irish Rose."

"We need more money" improves
as Progresses.

The student body expresses its need in great style at the College Auditorium through the Scribblers contribution to the legitimate stage. This play is remarkable in that it not only expresses its message but it is very funny. Merrill Lott, as the policeman, with his simple manner, and poignantly dramatic translation of such lines as, "Keep moving! I arrest you," etc., brought down the house and this sophisticated critic collapsed from over strained emotions. Evangeline Herbert as the old maid makes the comedy move fast with her proposals and pursuit of every male that appears in the play. She is clever, thoughtful and analytical in her methods. She is finally rewarded by capturing Signor Chile Con Carnie, heir to the "57 Varieties" millions. That character is played in fine fashion by Russel Gage. The villain turns out to see the fire department, and the hero elopes with the wrong girl, but dad sends the check in time to pay the additional entrance fee to college so the prodigal kid remains in school to take College Algebra.

STYLE HEADQUARTERS

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Spring is here—aren't you glad its time to be getting lighter clothes?

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Grands
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Phone 338*

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DeKalb
Theatre



*The Best Moving Pictures
in DeKalb*



Secor's

Is it paper you want? What kind?

He has it plain or lined.

Is it ink you want? Green or blue?

He has other colors too.

Is it books? Is it pencils or pens?

Does your kodak need a new lens?

What ever you want in his line

I am sure you will find it at Secor's.

Is it candy? He has that too.

Such chocolates—they always are new.

He has cards of every manner.

What's that? Oh an N. I. banner?

Of course, you can get that there.

And hairnets to cover your hair.

What ever you want in his line

I am sure you will find it at Secor's.

A gift you want to send home?

Do you need a new brush or comb?

Do you want something peppy to read?

His magazines fit every need.

The store that the students know best;

They go there to trade and to jest,

For whatever you want in his line

I am sure you will find it at Secor's.

ELIZABETH GOODYEAR.

A Colored Minister's Address—

A colored minister addressed his congregation as follows: "Brothers, I've got a \$5 sermon, a \$2 sermon, and a \$1 sermon. Now I want the ushers to pass down the aisles, take up the collection and first decide which one you can afford to hear."

It's the same way with men's clothing or dry cleaning—you get exactly what you pay for. When you want *good* clothes and *good* dry cleaning, come to

Carlson & Benson

DeKalb, Illinois

SPORTS

ALL-FACULTY TEAM COMES OUT

Bortz, sporting editor for Ryan-Peterson News Syndicate Service, submits his selection for All-Faculty Teams.

Dean Gilbert, F. B., his defense in the lower hall cannot be broken. Mr. Gould, H. B. He's an agervatin PaPa with strategic positions. Edgar Page, H. B. He carried prohibition through? Why not a football? Clyde Hobart, Q. B. He can pull the right question anytime in a quiz. Swen Parson, R. E. No formation of shifted papers can get by him. Allan Wright, R. T., a drawing card. The joker of the deck, Fred Carlson, R. G. Write your own ticket, we can't. Dr. Brown, C. Try and get thru him with an easy program. Clyde Lyon, L. G. We must have a mean line of Shakespeare to throw. Frank Phipps, L. T. Bicycle

riding has fitted him for tackling molecules. C. E. Montgomery, L. E. Dynosaurs and Amebas cannot stop him.

MUIR GROOMS JOE BARROW AS ACE OF T. C. PITCHING STAFF

Big Bill thinks Joe's saxophone work with the Harmony Kinks will help his glass arm round into shape for the game Saturday with Maple Park Aggies. Snow, last year's ace, has been ailing for some time with missing fungo flies in the outfield.

KELLAR WORKS OUT AT PECK'S GYM

Jawn Kellar, local leather pusher from the sticks, with 13 K. O.'s to his credit worked out at Peck's Gym, last night. He was attired in a Tuxedo and punched the sandbag around with a bottle of "Wild Oats" hair tonic. Paddock's orchestra is helping him get in condition for his next battle with the "Gas house" Glenn Shipp. The Dixon Troupe are backing him to the limit.

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Headquarters
for
DeKalb
Students

*We Aim
to Please*



Dance
in
Our
Special Room
Anytime

C. A. CARLSON, Prop.

SPORT SHEET

HIGH JUMPER DISCOVERED

Coach Muir has discovered a second "Osbourne" in Walt Gehant. After an interview with Gehant we learned that he developed his high flying by jumping over chairs and tables to be first at the dinner table at the Rickard.

GREEK MEETS POLE

Ed Greek, local sebastian, meets Univitch, Polish champ, in a finish match at the Innovation Grill room, tonight. Tickets on sale in the foyer or at Carlson's office.

STEECE WINS 18.2 MATCH

Steece won the local balk line billiard championship by defeating Welsh in a hard fought match. Score was 1500 to 1327. Welsh showed his skill in the seventh by running 182 pretty caroms starting from a masse shot. Steece appeared nervous, but in the

twentieth inning he ran out his string by a brilliant execution of a cloister of 213 billiards.

INDOOR SPORTS

1. Trying to get a bar for nothing at Baldy's by beating "Goldie". It just takes two horses.
2. Climbing three flights of stairs to a dance. Ask Hannah and the Maple Park gang.
3. Trying to get down the hall with your rubbers on.
4. Peeking out of the kitchen door at the dorm to watch the dance you might have attended.
5. Sitting on the bench in the Doc's office at the end of the first six weeks.

NEWS FROM THE TRACK

The Glidden Stables owned by Miss Annie Glidden, has entered its prize 16-year-old colt in the "Race for Dinner" at the Assembly tracks. Purse, Page's collection of antiques. Three-year olds and up; six furlongs.

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Carl Palmquist

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DE KALB, ILLINOIS

IN THE WAKE OF THE NEWS

College Department

Dear Harvey: Notre Dame and N. I. S. T. C. were the only colleges that scored on Lombard. Ans.: Draw your own conclusions.

Baron and Baldy Snyders.

* *

Slipped by the Censors

Down by a mill
When the night was still,
And the moon gave forth its ale light.
When he asked her for a kiss
Thus answered the Miss
"No, Bob, not by a dam-site."

Beanery Bess.

* *

Sweetie Department

I call my sweetie "Igloo" because he stays at the Snow House. G. E.

"I call my sweetie "Ivory Soap" because she is 99 44/100% pure. J. B.

* *

Prep School Department

Dear Harvey: If you want to see a good high school basket ball record.

look up Sugar Bush the year I played.
Taxie Chappie.

* *

This Wake Is Conducted By
Harvey T. Danderuff
Help! Help!

* *

Henrietta Department

Dear Harvey: Anybody can get a Varsity Club or a Melodie Klub pin, but if you want to be exclusive try to get a faculty club pin from a married member of the faculty.

Shaffer Club Sheba.

* *

"The First Liar Ain't Got A Chance"

"—as I hadn't any bait I used a piece of the T. C. Annual Fibune, and all the fish bit on that." S. P.

* *

Worst Joke I Ever Heard

"What's a blotter?"
"A blotter is something you look for while the ink dries."

Lauretta from Lindsay Club.

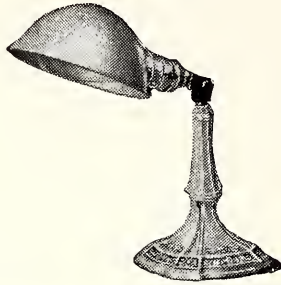
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DeKalb Theatre Building

Market Reports

LATEST FINANCIAL NEWS

Reynolds tobacco reports drop in sales. Chuck Hunt has quit smoking O. P.'s (other people's).

Montgomery Ward shows gain in profits over last year's due to sale of Lumber Jack Shirts to the Sycamore Bunch headed by Ebaugh.

American Candy Co. split melon Erickson has bought 20 boxes of candy kisses. If you refuse it costs a box of candy, you know.

PRODUCE MARKET

Eggs take sudden jump in price. Big demand before Vocational Lecture. Cucumbers are plentiful at Williston Hall.

Beans continue to dominate the fare at the Bean House.

Roosters are continued scarce at T. C. Chickens are flooding mart.

BOARD OF TRADE

	Open	Close	Gain
De Kalb Theatre.....	86	88	+2
Secor's	74	74	0
Woolworth's	53	56	+3
De Kalb Beauty Parlor 91	90		-1
Avalon Ball Room.....	100	23	-77

Drop in Avalon stocks due to raid by bulls who cornered loose and tipsy stocks. Bears are planning a quick rally.

STOCK MARKET

Two carloads of choice sheep shipped from College Office. Reports at end of six weeks of term show sheep plentiful.

Many lambs fleeced at local slaughter house. Sid Rasmusen seemed to be the one who profited.

COMMODITY MARKET

Remington Arms Co. stock takes jump. Edition of Fibune given as cause.

Hay seeds were plentiful today. Ed Greek visited Helen.

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COLORADO CALLS YOU

The mile high state. The land of cow-boys, and knicker-attired women. Write me at once. Mike Corrigan.

Personals

PERSONAL—Will the young ladies who sent me valentines meet in the assembly on Tues., 11:20. A. T. W.

PERSONAL—I would like to get checkered shirt to match my dress. Something like Don Snow's. Alice G.

TO SUPERINTENDENTS

Come and look us over. We want jobs. Class of '24.

HAVE YOU FOUND YOUR JOB? WRITE us at once for determination blanks. Don't send a cent! I trust you! Sanford.

ARE YOU SATISFIED?

Earn big money at a pleasant occupation during your leisure hours. Drop me a card. M. Bottlemey.

WANTED — INFORMATION CONCERN-
ing dairy that produces the cream of High
Schools. N. D. G.

WANTED

To hear of a subject that I don't know
anything about. H. Matteson.

WANTED—OLD ANTIQUES FOR MY
collection. Jokes from Northern Illinois not
accepted. E. C. Page.

WANTED — INFORMATION CONCERN-
ing why's and wherefore's of statue in foyer.
Student Body.

WANTED—A MEANS OF CONVEYANCE
to Rochelle. Bob Willis.

WANTED

New information concerning Yale; my
students are getting tired of the old
stuff. Margaret E. C.

A BARGAIN!

Will trade four athletic credits for one psy-
chology credit. Hap Lawson.

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Henaughan—Furn. S.

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Faculty*

All of you for your interest, and you, our special advisers, for your guidance and your constant help.

*We Thank You,
Advertiser Friends*

For your interest in our work and your generous share in making our book possible and for the ads that you have given us.



A Farewell

The sunset touches the turrets with gold,

Softening your clear-cut silhouette.

Drowsy birds your clinging vines unfold;

Roses cluster 'neath your parapet;

Purple shadows creep along the sill.

One last look at you

Our dear castle on the hill,

And then, - - - - adieu.





